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TAGORE CENTENARY NUMBER
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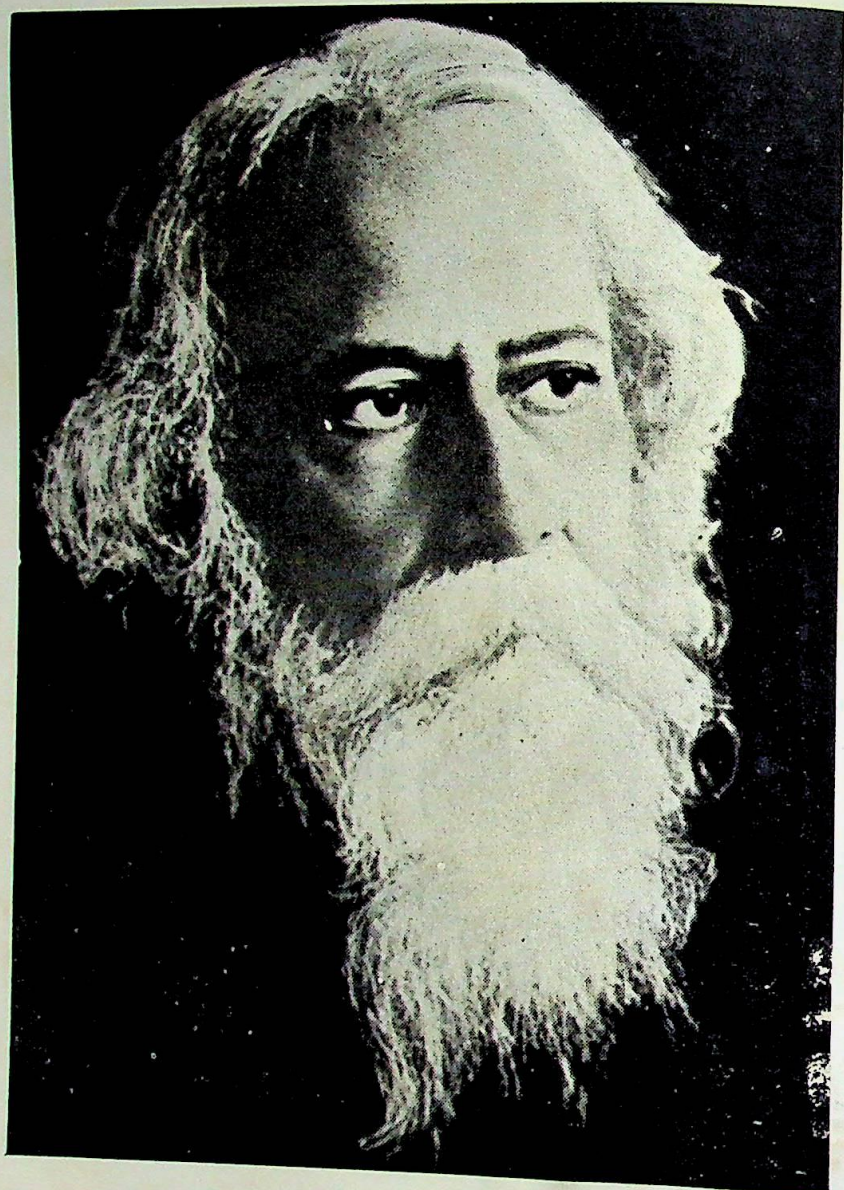
Rabindranath Tagore
(1861—1941)

THE JAMMU AND KASHMIR UNIVERSITY REVIEW

[Tagore Centenary Number]

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EDITORIAL

This special issue of *The Jammu and Kashmir University Review* is being dedicated, on this occasion of the centenary celebration of his birth, to the sacred memory of Rabindranath Tagore as a token of our humble tribute to one of the greatest Indians of all times. Rabindranath Tagore was a person of giant stature, and in the course of his fairly long career he enriched the life of his country in many diverse ways. It would be almost impertinent to try to catalogue in a short statement the various kinds of cultural activities in which he engaged himself with distinction till the very end of a long life crowded with many multifarious occupations. Considering him merely as a writer, there is no exaggeration in claiming that he rendered to Bengali language and literature a service almost on a par with what Dante did for Italian or Shakespeare for English.

Besides his pre-eminence in the various branches of Bengali literature, Tagore could be considered as one of the leading educationists of his day, with novel and revolutionary ideas on how best we may cultivate the faculties of the young. He was responsible for quite an unprecedented upsurge of interest in dance, drama, and allied cultural movements in Bengal. He was a

painter of some originality and of no inconsiderable merit. Tagore was one of the most widely travelled Indians of his day and, in the closing years of the period of our political subjection, he functioned as the most distinguished unofficial ambassador of his country in all the foreign states which he visited from time to time. He was, in his own distinctive way, a great patriot whose writings and way of life inspired many lesser men and women to devote all their energies and resources to the service of the country. It is certainly in the fitness of things that the national anthem of free India should be one of the well known Bengali songs of Tagore. A great poet and savant who had grown up in the sheltered atmosphere of a cultured and aristocratic home, he never shunned the call of the greater world composed mainly of humble men and women carrying, in endless travail, their many heavy burdens on their worn-down shoulders.

And yet it would not be correct to speak of Rabindranath Tagore merely as an Indian or a Bengali. Fundamentally his outlook was such that all the peoples of the world may claim him as their own. In the dawn of the Atomic Age, he stands at the cross-roads of two worlds, the old and the new, the traditional and the modern. He was in essence the poet and spokesman of humanity; and, as the days pass, both the East and the West will realize how much they have still to learn from him.

As our readers are aware, the birth centenary of Rabindernath Tagore is being celebrated not only across the length and breadth of the country of his birth but also in many foreign lands vastly separated from us and from one another by factors like geography, race, colour, language, religion, and even political ideology. It is, therefore, in a spirit of great humility and reverence that we have ventured to bring out this special issue of our journal on this occasion of both national rejoicing as well as national stock-taking.

Exchange of Gifts

When my heart did not kiss thee in love, O world,
thy light missed its full splendour,
and thy sky watched through the night
with its lighted lamps.

My heart came to thy side with her songs,
whispers were exchanged
and she put her wreath on thy neck;
and I know she has given thee something
which will be treasured with thy stars.

POLITICAL OUTLOOK OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE

B. K. MADAN

The agony of India's abortive bid for independence in 1857 had hardly subsided when Rabindranath Tagore was born (1861). His father, Maharshi Debendranath Tagore, was an admirer of western civilization, art and culture, and his household was looked upon as the meeting place of the East and the West. Rabindranath was brought up, as he himself recalls, in an atmosphere full of admiration for Europe, and especially for England. But as the growing years brought their crop of experience, Tagore's simple faith in the ideals of the West, extolled by its poets and described by its historians suffered a rude shock. The contemptuous arrogance with which the British rulers reacted to India's demand for political liberty, fundamental civil rights and democratic form of government, showed him how the British rulers acted in India contradictorily to the ideals of liberty and human dignity they prized in their own country.

By genius a poet and an artist and by instinct a thinker he soon came to the conclusion that while the ideal of the West was admirable, the British rulers in India were not humanitarain enough to treat the Indians according to that ideal. With his universal outlook as a poet, he knew that "in this world misery must exist." But he at the same time hoped that there would always " some little loophole, some glimpses of possibility at least, be left which may serve to urge the nobler portion of humanity to hope and struggle unceasingly for its alleviation." This was the inspiration for his poetry and art and this the foundation of his political philosphy.

Tagore's political theory had assumed a definite form by 1905; the partition of Bengal put finishing touches to it. The sight of his suffering, helpless, soliciting countrymen, made him utter in his *Eban Tireo Moray* the cry, "Lo! there stand those stolid silent figures with heads stooped so low... Men must call them round and say, 'For once lift up heads together and stand united. Behold the one that you are afraid of is personified Injustice and cannot hold the ground against your united front'." But this adjuration to his countrymen was not a call for a militant nationalism. In fact, although he admired the courage of the lonely fighters who laid down their lives fighting in the cause of their country, he never approved of their blood-thirsty, suicidal, short-cut methods of effecting political revolution. He knew that any success attained in this way cannot but be extremely short-lived. Permanent change was only possible with the change in the spirit. Enlargement of the soul alone could bring about the miracle of removing from human society the distinction of the ruler and the ruled, of the oppressor and the oppressed.

The political philosophy of this great son of India was shaped in reference to the spiritual frame-work

within which India's social and political development had taken place right from the times of the *Vedas.* For him political liberty and democratic form of government were valuable not only for the material advantages these can promise to man, but for the satisfaction of the more vital needs, the urge for "the satisfaction for the fullest realization of his soul—the soul which is greater than the things man accumulates, the deeds he accomplishes, the theory he builds; the soul whose onward course is never checked by death or dissolution." This is, indeed, the general spiritualistic interpretation of life traditional with India and is to be found in various degrees of implicitness in their approach to politics of such great Indian leaders as Aurobindo and Gandhi, Gokhale, Tilak and Jawaharlal Nehru. According to Tagore, the great revolution in human history starts "whenever the individual tries to dam the ever-flowing current of the world force and imprison it within the area of his particular use." In what marked contrast this view is to Engel's opinion that "the ultimate causes of all social changes and political revolutions are to be sought ... ..in the changes in the mode of production and exchange" (alone).

Marx also assigns a primary position to the material life of society, and so does Lenin hold that "the material life of society is an objective reality existing independently of the will of man." Both of them admit reluctantly the spiritual life to be only of secondary consideration, a mere "reflection" of this "objective" material "reality."

While materialists insist on accumulation as a pre-condition of spiritual realization, if such a thing is desirable at all, Tagore, like other Indian philosophers, holds, as expressed in his *Sadhna*: "There is the self which displays itself, there is a self which transcends itself. To display itself, it stands up on the pedestal of its accumulations, to reveal itself it gives up everything it has". The force which unifies matter and spirit is

love. "In love all contradictions of existence merge themselves and are lost. Only in Love are unity and duality not at variance." Both Gandhi and Tagore, each in his own way, assert that love is Truth and Truth Love, and human life is evolving through a chain of births and rebirths, shedding some imperfection at every stage till finally Truth is realized, self-realization attained. According to Tagore, this process has always been at work and raised mankind from the level of stocks and stones and is lifting it up to merge the human self with the All, the All-pervading Truth, the Ever-lasting Soul. Consequently, Tagore like Gandhi considered political freedom to be necessary as a means for the attainment of this ultimate end. Real freedom according to Tagore, was not adopting aloofness, but living in perfect harmony of relation-ship with the rest of mankind. "The history of growth of freedom is the history of the perfection of *human* relationship," says Tagore. It was within this universal frame and not within the limited bounds of Indian nationhood that this poet-philosopher of India developed his political theory.

To the question whether man was merely a package of hunger and thirst and biological needs, Tagore found an answer in a parable of the *Upanishads*. According to this, human nature may be symbolized as being like two birds. One of the birds is busy feeding while the other is engrossed in the joy of vision. On this Tagore based his thesis that "Man's energies running on two parallel lines tend to meet and mingle." This confluence alone brings knowledge and "all our knowledge of things is knowing them in their relation to the universe, in that relation which is Truth." This is, indeed, a gradual process like the ripening of a fruit. In its immature state it is hard, every fibre clinging toughly to its kernel. "But when the seed is ripe, its hold upon its surroundings is loosened, its pulp attains fragrance, sweetness and detachment, and is dedicated to all who need it. Birds peck at it and

it is not hurt; the storm plucks it and flings it to the dust, and it is not destroyed. It proves its immortality by renunciation."

It must be pointed out here that Rabindranath Tagore was a poet, an artist and a lover of beauty first and last. His political views, his conception of social justice were all subsidiary to the formation of his ideal of perfection. He never came out as a political leader or as a founder of a school of political thought. He was a patriot who grew into a lover of mankind and ultimately identified himself with the entire universe. In the regeneration of his country his was a force not that of a thundering storm, shaking and convulsing people into violent motion. He woke them gently with the soft touch of zephyr quivering with the sky-lark notes of his morning song. He was pre-eminently a seeker after goodness, greatness and beauty. In this endeavour his soul ranged the mango groves of his native land, and then rose higher and higher till the encirclement of horizon was obliterated and his gaze was focussed on the infinitude of eternal beauty. He wanted every one to rise to that height. To attain this, among other conditions, political freedom was also a necessary pre-condition. But to attain this, violent action and bloodshed were not to be the means. Nor did he believe anybody could be denied political freedom by force, for he believed the movement for self-fulfilment was proceeding from two directions. Man was endeavouring to seek Heaven and Heaven was seeking fulfilment in Man himself. This strong conviction made the poet sing:

> "Take me up, Master Musician, and make me thy harp. Let your delectable fingers sweep over my heart strings and produce divine melody."

To My Motherland

Blessed am I that I am born to this land
  and that I had the luck to love her.
What care I if queenly treasure is not in her store
  but enough is for me the living wealth of her love.

The best gift of fragrance to my heart
  comes from her own flowers
and I know not where else shines the moon
  that can flood my being with such loveliness.

The first light revealed to my eyes
  was from her own sky
and let the same light kiss them
  before they are closed for ever.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE AS A PLAYWRIGHT

S. L. PANDIT

Rabindranath Tagore has played such a vital and intimate role in the Indian Renaissance of the present century in all its phases that it is not easy even to-day, about two decades after the great man's passing away, to arrive at an objective assessment of his work and personality. By attaining pre-eminence in the fields of literature, education, and other creative cultural activities generally; by establishing for himself a reputation that travelled far beyond the confines of his native land; by his transparent and noble patriotism; by the beauty, the simplicity, the nobility, and the grandeur of his personal life and conduct; and, lastly, by his extensive travels abroad in many foreign lands, he raised the prestige of India in the eyes of the world to a degree surpassed only by what was contributed in this behalf

through the struggles and sacrifices of the Father of the Indian Nation. He was the first and so far the only Indian to achieve the unique distinction of being awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature as far back as 1913. The school he established at Bolepore, better known to the world as Santineketan or the Abode of Peace, has now blossomed forth into a central University of international importance. Tagore belonged to a generation of great Indians patriots, poets, scientists, saints, all of titanic mould and proportions; and all through he shone forth like a dazzling sun among the stars of lesser light. In his patroitic fervour he was hardly second even to Gandhiji, though he shunned the turmoil of direct action sponsored and led by the Mahatma for the first time in the early twenties of the present century. All these factors have thrown a considerable glamour and a sort of magic halo over the name of Rabindranath Tagore, with the result that it is still well-nigh impossible for an Indian to be quite dispassionate in judging his merits as a writer. Novertheless, it is time that one may in all humility and reverence make an attempt to arrive at a correct evaluation of his literary productions in the domain of dramatic writing.

While considering any aspect of Tagor's literary output, it should never be forgotten that he is primarily a mystic lyrist in the tradition of a number of well known mediaeval poet-saints of India, whose influence has permeated the very core of Indian life during the last several centuries. Consequently, it may be observed that these basic qualities of Tagore's poetry have coloured all the other types of modern literature assayed by him. But before attempting any survey of his dramatic works it appears to be relevant to consider two important aspects of his work as a playwright; first, his links with the modern European drama; secondly, the relation between the plays and the stage for which, it may be presumed, he wrote them.

Though in essence the main features of Tagore's dramas carry forward the traditions of the old Indian

Jatka plays, there is no doubt that he was also influenced largely by certain trends in the modern drama of the West. It may never be lost sight of that though Tagore claimed himself to be merely a writer in Bengali and though he is in spirit Indian to the core, his message was to humanity as a whole; and till the end of his days on this earth he was fully alive to the latest ideas and emotions that pulsated through the minds and hearts of men and women in the various parts of the globe. It will thus be seen that most of his plays have close affinities with the poetic or symbolist European drama of the present century typified in the works of such writers as Maurice Maeterlinck. His technique and style are, in fact, very close to those of the Irish mystics like Yeats and Synge; and it is not without significance that he was introduced to the cultural circles of the West by these protagonists of the Celtic Revival and the nationalist movement of Eire; and that the English rendering of his plays were first staged at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. Considered in this international setting, it may not be out of place to mention here that the dramatic output of Tagore is closely in line with certain definite trends in the dramatic movements of the modern times. This also accounts for the unique popularity enjoyed by some of Tagore's plays in the literary circles of the West. First in Dublin, then in London, and later his plays were staged with success in France, Italy, Czechoslovakia, and Germany. But of all the countries of Europe, Tagore attained the greatest popularity in the Pre-Munich Czechoslovakia, leading to the establishment of a professorship in Bengali language and literature at the University of Prague.

In any treatment of European drama we usually try to relate the critical study of a particular dramatic literature to the stage for which it was originally produced. In this respect a study of Tagore or any other modern Indian play-wright presents a different picture. In this country, apart from some amateur dramatic societies and crude porfessionals now nearly

driven out of existence by the talking pictures, there is not in any part of the country a regular, well-established theatre that could cater for the needs of cultured or even popular audiences. The popular stage traditions of this country do not go beyond the attempts of the old *Jatka* plays and the performances of well known Puranic stories by wandering companies of players. Such plays do not require much of a stage setting and can be acted in a temple court-yard or even in the open air. This state of affairs poses certain problems for a would-be play-wright in the present times, while at the same time he enjoys a certain liberty of action not possible for a writer of plays in Europe or America. In spite of these limitations, however, great drama has occasionally been produced in this country ; and even Kalidas's *Shakuntala* belongs to this tradition. In this context it may be of interest to draw attention to the following note prefacing the English translation of Tagore's play, *Chitra* :-

> "The dramatic poem *Chitra* has been performed in India without scenery—the actors being surrounded by the audience. Proposals for its production here having been made to the author, he went through this translation and provided stage directions, but wished these omitted if it were printed as a book."

In short, Tagore's plays maintain this ages old tradition of the open air drama with the freeedom as also the handicaps that go along with it.

There is no doubt, however, that Tagore himself helped considerably in a movement for building a new theatre in Calcutta, and by his own efforts succeeded in establishing a type of amateur theatre at Santineketan. But even the Santineketan theatre represents a sort of unadorned open air stage on which the boys of the institution often perform the most exacting female parts. So, judged from modern European standards, "it may seem that Tagor's dramatic work is lacking in ordinary stage

effect and tends to fluidity of movement; there is no bid for a curtain, no holding of the moment of suspense, in order to force a situation." In answer to such criticism it may be maintained that his plays were written to attain a naturalness of style and simplicity of mode which has been attained so far only by the Irish players in the West To quote Ernest Rhys: " We have here to reckon with the tradition of stage as well as with the temperament of a playwright in judging a kind of drama so new to us. Rabindranath Tagore may break the rules of our common stage practice, but he breacks none that govern the leisurely drama of the open air and the courtyard, which he and his fellow playwrights have in mind. "

This, in short, is the native background of Tagore's work as a playwright. He was no doubt greatly influenced by a study of modern European drama, and the result is a unique synthesis of Eastern and Western ideas. From these general considerations it may now be more fruitful and more revealing to turn to Tagore's plays. For a student unacquainted with the Bengali language, there is no alternative but to confine his survey only to those plays which have been translated into English. Luckily, the most important of his plays are available in English translations. It would be interesting to consider the outstanding pieces among these.

The plays that attracted the greatest attention of the western scholars early in the present century are *The King of the Dark Chamber*, *Chitra*. and *Post Office*. *The King of the Dark Chamber* is a play with a spiritual meaning. It comprises a large number of scenes, a feature that is no real handicap to a type of drama that can easily be staged in the open air. The central theme plays around the relations subsisting between the king and the queen. Other characters hover on fringes of varying distances from this central interest of the drama. After the prelude the scene shifts to the palace where Queen Sudharshana is waiting in a dark chamber to receive the king. The queen has never seen the face

of her lord. So her mind is torn with the conflicting emotions of curiosity, doubt, misgiving, and wavering faith. She is in a state of mental torment caused by her uncertainty regarding the face and features of her royal master and husband. She asked her maid of honour, Surangama, to clear her doubts if she can. Surangama puts her no wiser by saying, "No, my Queen, he is not handsome. To call him beautiful would be to say far too little of him." Into this queer situation intrude other kings, some of whom strive to entice the queen from the love of her lord. The queen falters, doubts, errs, and meets disgrace and sorrow. But, by secret and strange moves, the king of the unseen face overcomes all obstacles and ultimately rescues the queen from her fallen condition. The drama closes with a scene of realization and fulfilment. It is the dark chamber again. The king's face is not uncoverd but its supreme quality, that transcends mere physical beauty, has been revealed to the soul of the queen. Says she:—

> " Your sight repelled me because I had sought to find you in the pleasure garden, in my Queen's chambers; there your meanest servant looks handsomer than you. That fever of longing has left my eyes for ever. You are not beautiful, my lord—you stand beyond all comparisons ! "

To any one familiar with the symbolic idiom of Hindu spiritualism a general interpretation of this play should not be far to seek. For instance, the queen can represent the Created Being in quest of realization of his oneness with the Supereme Being. The Seeker makes mistakes, falters, and even deserts the right path. The Immanent Will watches the progress of the Created Being and, in spite of pitfalls, after prolonged suffering and travail, the latter is led on to Nirvana in the fulness of time.

Chitra may be described as a lyrical drama with an allegorical meaning. The play is based on an episode in the *Mahabharata*. Chitra is the daughter and the only child of the King of Manipur who has trained

her as a prince; and she is more at home in the arts of war and in hunting the wild beasts of the forest than in the ways of alluring the hearts of men. She normally dresses as a male warrior and has often longed to meet the great Arjuna, the hero of his race, and to challenge him to a single combat. One day while passing through the forest she comes upon a man asleep. Though not known to her, the man is Arjuna himself, who had come to this remote spot in the course of his wanderings as an exile. At sight of him Chitra is overtaken by a whirlwind of passion and stands speechless as he wakes up and walks away. Next morning she decks herself in the dress and ornaments of a princess and hastens to seek Arjuna in the forest temple. The great warrior, however, reminds her of his vow of celebacy, self-inflicted for a mere technical breach of right conduct prior to his going into voluntary exile. In her despair Chitra turns to Madna (God of Love) and Vasanta (God of Youth). The God of Love promises to bring the world-conquering Arjuna to her feet; and she craves from the God of Youth one day of perfect womanly loveliness in which she may lose her unattractive plainness and boyish features. The gods grant her wish, and then follows a love idyll which presents a contrast to the "stern drama of love's scourging in *The King of the Dark Chamber*." In both these dramas the higher powers come into play across the desires of men and women who seek beauty and happiness in love and find their quest bound by immutable laws beyond their human control "In both, a motive of fate, in the quest of supernal beauty and loveliness, is used to evoke the central idea of the drama. But in one the woman craves beauty for herself; in the other her desire is to find it in the forbidding face and the dark chamber of her dreadful lord and king".

Post Office is a play of the same category as *Chitra* and *The King of the Dark Chamber* and enjoys the distinction of having been produced on the European stages more often than any other of Tagore's dramas.

Besides being of a symbolical and allegorical character, the play is essentially of a mystical and poetical nature. At the same time, its leading characters are very human and individualized to an extent very rare in symbolic drama. The central character is Amal, an innocent and unsophisticated village boy confined to his chamber on account of sickness. His heart is restless in his enforced confinement; and, seated near the window of his room, he cannot resist the lure of the unknown and the unknowable. For some time he watches the world from the window-seat near his sick-bed and holds converse with those who move up and down the street. A very interesting set these people are. The curd-seller, the washerman, the little flower-girl, Sudha, Gaffer the village idler, the village Headman who is a bully—all these go by in a pageant of health and pleasure before the eyes of the sick boy. In his loneliness and the prison of a sick chamber the only solace for Amal is that he has been led to believe that the King himself is going to send him a letter. So he watches with a strange fascination the Post Office across the street and waits in faith and expectation for the King's letter. The theme is developed in two acts. The climax is reached when the King's letter is ushered in just about the time that the soul of Amal has been released from the earthly bondage of the flesh.

It is not so easy to localize definitely the symbolic meanings of this play. Does Amal represent the quest of the human soul after perfectiom? But no progress is possible in this quest unless there is a response from God. Hence Amal waits for the King's letter. But the first step is gained only after the release of the soul from its earthly prison which is represented here as much by the sick chamber as by the cage of the body. Or, does the play symbolize merely the desire of the human heart to seek the romance of the unknown as an escape from what is usually called sordid reality? In my opinion, it is not correct to put any one definite meaning into this drama; and its very vagueness lends

it a poetic significance transcending other allegories of this type.

The Cycle of Spring is more in the nature of a long dramatic lyric than a drama proper. It depicts in symbolic form the eternal and never-ending conflict between the impulses of life and death. The play opens with a verbal logical bout between the poet and the scholar for the mastery of the king's mind. Then starts a quest for the meaning of life. The principle of life triumphs in the end but only with the realization that the joy in life comes only to him who can give himself away, that through change and death one can find life anew, the same message that a great and supersensitive English poet found in the ravings of the wild west wind. Fittingly enough, the play closes with a song of the festival of spring.

Among the shorter plays that were translated into English during the early years of the present century the more striking or noteworthy are *Sacrifice*, *Sanyasi Malini*, *The King and the Queen* and *Karna and Kunti.* Nearly all these are plays of ideas, each being based on a central theme. *Sacrifice*, as its title signifies, deals with the ages-old custom of offering human or animal sacrifice at the altars of the gods. The scene is the ancient kingdom of Tippera and the play presents a tangible human conflict of opposed groups of characters —those who are for offering sacrifice and those who are against the custom. The play moves up to a dramatic climax of exceptional intensity. In *Sanyasi* Tagore deals with the eternal problem whether mere renunciation of the world can lead to one's peace of mind. The ascetic who prided himself on the conviction that he had secured release from the bonds of human attachment is startled to find his heart melt with paternal love towards an outcaste fatherless girl. He runs away from her to seek salavation in the contemplation of the infinite but remains disconsolate. A selfless attachment for a human being lures him back to a world which he had believed he had lost and forsaken.

In *Malini*, a play in two acts, is depicted a triangular conflict between Religion, Love, and Friendship. Kemankar suspects that his friend Supriya has offered the faith of his fathers to the eyes of Malini, the daughter of the King, who has become a Buddhist zealot. Kemankar revolts against the King's authority and is hauled up for treason. But before accepting the punishment due to a traitor he crushes his friend to death in the presence of the King and the court. *The King and the Queen* presents a conflict between love and honour and leads to a tragic denouement. The dicarded love of Queen Sumitra and the humbled pride of Kumarsen find ultimate relief in death.

Karna and Kunti, based on an incident in the *Mahabharata*, can hardly be called a drama. It is a dialogue between Kunti and Karna in which is revealed the supremely noble character of the latter, the self-made soldier-prince who was discarded at his birth by his mother Kunti because he was born out of wedlock when she was still at her father's home. Kunti later becomes the Queen of Pandu, the mother of the famous Pandavas. Her renowned warrior sons are unaware of the relation in which Karna stands to them. In their eyes he is simply a devoted friend of their relentless enemy, Duryodhana. On the eve of battle, in the agony of her heart, Kunti secretly approaches her first born and begs of him to spare the lives of her children and to come and take his righful place at the head of his brothers Karna, the proud soldier, disowned and cast away at his birth, rises to the occasion and refuses to forsake the side of Duryodhana. The dialogue ends with these noble and prescient words addressed by him to his mother :—

> "Mother, have no fear ; I know for certain that victory awaits the Pandavas. Ask me not to leave those who are doomed to defeat. On the night of my birth you left me——naked and unnamed—to disgrace ; leave me once again without pity to the calm expectation of defeat and death."

The plays considered so far were produced either towards the closing years of the last century or in the first decade of the present century. These were later translated into English and thus had a wide circulation among the reading public, especially after Rabindranath Tagore attained international fame consequent on his winning the much-coveted Nobel Prize for Literature. But Tagore wrote several more plays during the declining years of his life. The most noteworthy among these are *Mukta-Dhara* (1922), *Natir Puja* (1925), and *Chandalika* (1933). The first English translations of these were published between 1922 and 1938 either in *The Modern Review* or *Visva-Bharati*. In 1950 appeared a one volume translation of these dramas by Marjorie Sykes under the title *Three Plays*, published by Oxford University Press. Any disucssion of Tagore's contribution to the domain of dramatic literature would be inadequate without a brief analysis of these plays.

Mukta-Dhara gives expression to the author's political convictions in a drama of tense poignancy. The play takes its name from a mountain spring whose waters, rushing down the slopes of Uttarakut, ought to irrigate the plains of Shiv-Tarai The people of Shiv-Tarai are held in subjection by the King of Uttarkut who wants to enforce this subjection by erecting, through the skill of the royal engineer Bibhuti, a great dam to prevent the life-giving waters of Mukta-dhara from reaching, the plains below. The play opens with a scene in which the king and the people of Uttarkut have gathered to celebrate the successful completion of the project of the dam through conscripted labour and with loss of many poor labourers' lives in the process. On this occasion of their success both the king and the people are completely unmindful of the vital interests of the poor and defenceless people of Shiv-Tarai. In fact, they are gloating over the fact that these people will now be completely at the mercy of their imperialist masters. The Crown Price Abhijit, who is a symbol of the spirit of liberty, however, espouses the

cause of the down-trodden people of the plains and protests publicly against the soulless achievement of Bhibhuti. This emotional attitude of the Prince gains further intensity when he learns that he is not really the son of the king but a foundling picked up near the source of Mukta-dhara. So he determines to come to the rescue of the oppressed people of Shiv-Tarai and to liberate the imprisoned waters of the mountain stream by forcing the dam at a secret weak point known to him. This proves to be a risky undertaking. The Prince succeeds in his object, but he is drowned in the waters of the stream when the leaping current breaks free in a turbulent rush. The social and political meaning of the play is thus dissolved in a sense of mystic fulfilment for the chief character of the drama.

Another interesting character in the play is the ascetic Dhananjaya who teaches the poeple of Shiv-Tarai to resist the unjust policies of their inperialist ruler through non-violence.

The play is one of the most well constructed and intensely moving dramas by Rabindranath Tagore. It is also rich in meaning and capable of a variety of interpretations. The ideas and situations are refreshingly modern, and here the author seems to envisage and anticipate many now much-too-familiar developments in India and the rest of the world.

Natir Puja is a play simple and moving in conception and execution and comparatively free from the symbloic complexities, intellectual abstractions, and mystical puzzles that we generally associate with most of Tagore's dramas. The story is based on a Buddhist legend relating to the life of King Bimbisara (C546=494 B.C), a contemporary of Lord Buddha. To quote from Rajendralal Mitra's version of the legend: "Raja Bimbisara receiving the knowledge of truth from the Lord had built a big stupa over the Lord's nails and hairs in his zenana and his maids cleansed the place

every day. When his son, Ajatasatru, obtained the throne by parricide, he prohibited the females to sweep the stupa on pain of death. Srimati, a female slave, caring not at all for her life, washed it neatly and lighted it with a row of lamps. The king, in great rage, ordered her to the place of execution." According to another tradition, Bimbisara is said to have renounced the world and handed over the kingdom voluntarily to his son, Ajatasatru. For purposes of drama, Tagore draws upon both these traditions.

The central character of the play is Srimati, the Nati (the palace-dancer), who in defiance of the court regulation is chosen by the order to offer worship at the shrine of the Buddha on Vasanta Purnima Day, the birthday of the Buddha. This privilege had hitherto been reserved for a princess. Consequently, Ratnavali, one of the royal princesses, is highly incensed at the idea of a low-born maiden receiving this distinction; and thus to the religious interest of the drama is added the human interest of jealousy. In defiance of the royal order, however, Srimati dances before the stupa, and her dance turns into an intense expression of religious ecstasy, at the end of which the dancer meets her death with a smiling countenance. The scene is so moving that it melts even the heart of Ratnavali. In the meanwhile, Bimbisara is murdered by the king's men. Ajatasatru, frightened at the consequences of this great crime, is overcome with remorse and revokes his policy of persecution of the followers of the new faith.

It is not probably correct to hold that in this play Tagore desired to establish the superiority of the Buddha's religion to other current religious practices of the time. Obviously he is mainly interested in the historical and human aspects of the story. Much more, the play gives expression to one of Tagore's intensely held beliefs that the real face of God is revealed to those who identify themselves with the humblest and

the most oppressed of God's creatures. This, is fact, is the theme of one of the most moving songs in *Gitanjali*, beginning with the line, "Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest and lowliest and lost."

Chandalika is a short drama based on another well known Buddhist legend. Ananda, the famous disciple of Buddha, was one day returning from a journey and felt extremely thirsty on the way. He passed by a well at which a Chandalika (an outcaste girl), Prakriti by name, was drawing water. He took water from her hands and his thirst was quenched. But the untouchable girl fell in love with him. She went to her mother, who was well-versed in the art of black magic, and prevailed upon her to entice to her the beautiful young monk by the spell of her magic. The spell proved so powerful that, much against his will, Ananda was drawn to Prakrati's humble abode. But, just when he was about to succumb to the overpowering passion of lust, he prayed to the Lord to save him from the predicament. His prayer was answered, the magic spell was broken, and he was thus enabled to leave Prakriti's cottage as pure as he had entered it. In the sequel the mother expires and the lustful Prakriti is chastened and led on to the path of virtue and piety.

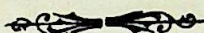
It is a short play mainly comprising a dialogue between Prakriti and her mother about the ways of Buddhist monks. Yet the crude elements of an old legend have been transformed by the author into a situation of intense psychological, spiritual, and dramatic interest. Prakriti, as depicted in the play, is not a mere creature of passion; she is portrayed as an extremely sensitive human being who discovers her own human dignity, her tender womanhood, and ultimately her spiritual destiny, by coming into contact with the compassionate and spiritually exalted disciple of the Buddha.

To conclude, it may safely be adduced that any survey of Tagore's plays leaves the definite impression that they belong to a class by themselves. They are basically dramas of ideas. Characters are often symbols or types; and dramatic action, more often than not, belongs to the realms of the mind and the spirit. Aristotle, while analysing Greek literature of his time, laid great stress on the importance of great action in the drama and the epic. But Aristotle was dealing with the literary types known to the Greeks of his time and could not visualize modern literary forms. In Tagore's plays, as has been seen, it would be vain to look for great action or even conflict of an obvious character. On the other hand, he is preoccupied with moral, metaphysical, and spiritual problems. His dramas are beyond the confines of time and space. The Tippera of *Sacrifice* and the Kashmir of *The King and the Queen* are mere pegs round which he hangs his abstract themes. While he carries forward the spirit and ancient traditions of Indian play-writing, his technique and out-look have also been coloured by his close acquaintance with modern European drama. All things considered, it appears, however, difficult to claim for Tagore a supremely pre-eminent position in modern dramatic literature. But there is no doubt thath is dramatic output marks a definite stage in the literary Renaissance in Bengal on the basis of which considerable progress can be achieved in the realm of drama by succeeding generations of men and women devoted to the task of literary creation.

Bharatalakshmi

Thou who dost charm the heart of all the world,
Thou land gleaming with the golden glory of the sun,
Thou mother of our fathers and mothers,
The soles of whose feet are washed by the waters of the blue sea,

Whose green skirts are fluttered by the bseeze,
Whose forehead, the Himalayas, is kissed by the skies,
Who wearest the diamond diadem of the snows,
It was in thy hermitages that the first hymns were sung.

Words of wisdom, religion, poetry. history, first
Were preached in thy forest temples.
Thou art blessed, the eternal dispenser of good.
Thou dost distribute food from land to land,
The Ganges and the Jamuna are the milk of mercy flowing from thy breast.

RIBINDRANATH TAGORE

(The Lyric Incarnate)

P. N. PUSHP

What a rich personality was Tagore ! A prolific *writer*; poet and composer; story-writer and novelist, dramatist and opera writer; critic and essayist; journalist and correspondent. An ardent *artist* : aesthete and nature-lover; actor and dancer; singer and painter. A warm-hearted *visionary*; savant and patriot ; nationalist and internationalist. A sound *educationist* : teacher and arouser; builder and moulder; reformer and regenerator. An untiring *crusader* : a fighter for freedom from narrowness; an inspired advocate of world-brotherhood. And above all... a *lyric* incarnate :- a living embodiment of poise and grace and grandeur, realization of which he tried to ensure through his *Visvabharati*, the Universal Harmony, in which the world becomes a single nest.

That and much bigger, indeed, was Rabindranath Tagore, that first appeared on the horizon on May 7, 1861, in Jorasanko (North Calcutta).

The family into which he was born distinguished itself not only by its deep genuine interest in art, poetry, music, dance and drama, but also by virtue of striking a fine balance between the East and the West. Dwarkanath Tagore, widely travelled in Europe, was bold enough to introduce in his household Western ways of life alongside the Indian traditions; and Satyandranath Tagore, the poet's second brother who was the first Indian I. C. S., had persuaded his wife to do away with the formality of the *purdah* system. But, in spite of this bold defiance of the age-old orthodoxy, the Tagores despised blind imitation of the West, and nurtured all that was basic and valuable in the Indian tradition.

It was against such a family background that Tagore inherited a rare coincidence of wealth and learning. He inherited wealth from (Prince) Dwarkanath Tagore, his grandfather, and learning from his father, (Maharshi) Debendranath Tagore; and he shared his interest in art, music, dance and drama with his nephews and nieces, brothers and sisters.

Yet, ironically enough, Tagore's childhood was rather too austere for such an imaginative prodigy; and the shy boy shrinking into an isolated corner indignantly reacted against being too much served and watched and tutored. His only adventure was within himself; and, happily for him, his father's personal charm and tactful solicitude won him over to a healthy submission to cultural discipline. This, no doubt, contributed a good deal to the flowering of his genius.

Married at twenty-two to Mrinalini Devi in 1883, Tagore was a loving husband and an affectionate father; but his married life was soon clouded by the sad demise

of his wife; and soon after he lost three children, including his youngest son. Despite his early aversion to the company of children, he had later on developed a deep insight into the child's world of imagination. To amuse his motherless kids he wrote exquisite poems, afterwards collected in *The Crescent Moon*; and in *The Post Office* he dramatised the anguish of an ailing child. Over and above these, he recaptured the innocent exuberance of a child's psyche in stories like *The Kabuliwala* and letters like those in *Bhanusimher Patrabali*.

But Tagore was a many-splendoured genius. His versatility, manifesting itself in rhyme and rhythm, sound and colour as well as thought and action, has left an indelible impact upon his own age and will surely prove a source of strength to coming generations too. His contribution in all these fields of life and letters has been considerable and the *Gitanjali*, which won him world recognition through the *Nobel Prize* (in 1913), indexes hardly a fraction of his eminence as a man of letters.

The poet in Tagore started with the sweet sad music of the 'twilight mel ancholy' (*Sandhya-Sangita*, 1881), passed through 'dream-love' (*Manasi*, 1890) and ferried across to his *Jibandebata* ('Lord of Life') in his 'Golden Boat' (*Sonartari*, 1891-92). *Chitra*, the Variegated, occupied him for some time and then his *Balaka* ('Swanflock') blazed a new trail of joy and jubilation in eternal change, as propounded by Bergson. After a temporary return to romantic disillusionment in the *Purabi* ('Evening Tune'), he poured out again a variety of joyous lyricism, inspired by love and devotion, divine as well as mundane, personal as well as patriotic, and national as well as international. Besides the dramatic lyric as in *Katha O'Kahani* ('Story and Lengend'), he wrote didactic verse in the *Kanika* ('Particle') and prose-poems as in the *Bithika* ('Path'). All told he has given us about a thousand poems and over two thousand songs which are remarkable for their rich variety of mood and measure.

Similar variety is visible in Tagore's prose also: short stories, novels, essays, letters and travel diaries. His early essays that appeared in the *Sadhana* (1899) were remarkable for their socio-political content and colloquial liveliness, while those published in the *Sabuipatra* (1914) are characterised by an argumentative intellectual diction. His personal essay, however, released a great lyrical fervour.

As for fiction, though he started writing novels under the spell of Bankim Chandra Chatterjee as early as 1882, yet within only two decades he came forward with a new type: the psychological *Chokher Bali* ('Mote in the Eye', 1902), embodying the inevitable clash between the individual and society This work was followed by the *Nokadubi* ('Wreck', 1904-5) and *Gora* (19(8-9), revealing the mental conflicts of a modern (educated) Bengali. The socio-cultural turmoil of his age features again in the next four prominent novels of his, *Chaturanga* ('Four Parts', 1916), *Ghare Baire* ('Home and the World', 1916), *Yogayog* ('Union', 1928-29) and *Shesher Kabita* ('Last Poem', 1929), regarded by some critics as a monumental achievement of Bengali prose in point of wistful lyricism and appropriate diction.

The same lyrical excellence and revealing insight into the innermost recesses of the human mind is the forte of Tagore's short stories of which he has been acknowledged the pioneer in the Bengali language; and masterpieces, like 'Postmaster', 'Broken Nest', 'Wife's letter', 'Guest', as well as 'Cloud and the Sun', besides the intriguing 'Hungry Stones', are even today landmarks in Indian literature.

As a dramatist Tagore is perhaps, most unconventional. In his childhood he had watched some plays (at least two of Michael Madhusudan Dutt's) staged by a 'Committee of Five' at his ancestoral house in Jorasanko. but it was the Irish Melodies that inspired him to write his first drama, *Valmikir Pratibha* ('Valmiki's Genius',

1881) on his return from his first European tour. Four years later came his *Prakiter Pratishodh* ('Nature's Revenge', 1885) which exposes the vanity of seeking deliverance in austere isolation, and advocates the realization of joy in the most commonplace walks of every-day life. Next followed the three romantic (rather, dreamy) plays : *Raja O' Rani* (King and Queen, 1889), *Utsarga* (Sacrifice, 1890), and *Malini* ('Gardener Woman,' 1893); and Tagore's tendency to mystify the dramatic action of the plays gave rise to his dramatic lyrics : *The Petition of Ghandhari*, *The Queen Mother* (1898), *The Pure One* (1898) and *The Meeting between Karna and Kunti* (1900) where the dramatic form hangs by a very slender thread of the dialogue stringing together the lyrical rhythms. It is the dialogue, again, which by virtue of its scintilating wit makes farces like *Chirakumara Sabha* (' The Committee of Confirmed Bachelors') enjoyable. But the most outstanding of Tagore's dramas are the so-called no-plot plays, the symbolical dramas, which in spite of their Upanisadic content are Western in techique. These preoccupied him for over two decades during which he produced *Prayascitta* ('Atonement,' 1908) reflecting the significance of *Satyagraha* in the cantext of contemporary situations; 'Autumn Festivity' (1901), 'King of the Dark Chamber' (1911), 'Cloud Palace' (1912), 'Post Office' (1912), *Phalguni* (1915), *Muktadhara* (Open Stream) (1923), Red Oleanders' (1924) and *Chandalika* (1933).

Closely connected with these is Tagore's *dance-drama*, which bordered on the *opera* and the *ballet*, as is clear from *Natir Puja* (Dancer's Worship), *Shapamochan* (Lifting of the Curse) and *Chitrangada*. In fact Tagore evolved this *genre* in response to a practical need, that of providing suitable pieces for performance during the seasonal festivals of his Santiniketan School (established in 1901). His deep passion for dance and music instinctively led him to explore this new possibility, just as his lyrical exuberance later on tempted him to wield the brush too. His *dance-drama* was, thus, lyricism in action, just as his pictures were 'verse in line.'

Yet Tagore lived in no ivory tower, shunning the active world around him. He was a fond lover of colour and sound, and sought deliverance not through ascetic renunciation but in countless bonds of great delight, for had not his Master joyfully taken upon himself the bonds of creation? How could the artist in him keep aloof from the socio-political currents and cross-currents of his country and the world? During the periods of intense political turmoil (such as between 1904-1905) his pen rose to the occasion and in various editorials and articles sought to arouse the national consciousness of of his countrymen As early as April, 1884, he had in a paper appealed to the social workers to save one Indian at least from the oppression of the Englishmen; 'let him feel and understand that the *Englishman* and fate are not convertible terms.' Though he would not put up with any shams of parochialism encouarged by the false values of national prestige, he waged an endless war against all that sought to enslave the spirit of man, as is clear from his *Prayiscitta* (1908) presented on the Santiniketan stage advocating *Satyagraha*. The Panjab Tragedy of 1919 caused him excruciating pain, so much so that he renounced his knighthood, voicing in a letter to the Viceroy the protest of the millions of his country-men surprised into dumb anguish of terror. Equally forceful was his rejoinder, from his sick-bed, to Miss Rathbone in 1941 asking her: "And what have the British who have held tight the purse-strings of our nation for more than two centuries and exploited its resources, done for our poor people?"

But Tagore refused to pay homage to the false gods of nationalism, and in 1912 condemned the American 'treatment of the Asiatics' as the darkest side of their national life. He regarded the European war of Nations as the war of retribution and pointed out the 'terrible absurdity of the thing called the Nation'. He prophetically warned them: "This nation may grow on to an unimaginable corpulence, not of a living body, but of steel and steam, and office buildings, till its de-

formity can contain no longer its ugly voluminousness, till it begins to crack and gape, breathe gas and fire in gasps, and its death rattles sound in cannon-roars." (From *The Cult of Nationalism*, September 25, 1916).

Obviously Tagore's idea of national awakening was not a narrow one, but comprehended an international comity of nations harmoniously cooperating with one another in the interests of universal brotherhood of humankind. His *Santiniketan Ashrama* owed its genesis to this very conviction 'which later on in 1921 gave birth to the *Visvabharati*,' where the universe verily becomes 'a single nest' (*Yatra Vi'swam Bhavatyekanidam.*) This Internationl University which has attracted the attention of distinguished savants like Sylvin Levi (France), M. Winternity (Czechoslovakia), Sten Konow (Norway), Tuchi (Italy) and C. F. Andrews as visiting professors has today become a unique sanctuary of cultural workers from all over the world.

This universalism of Tagore, though essentially *Upanisadic* in outlook, was in no small measure due to his foreign tours, and he travelled no less than eleven times (between 1880 and 1932) East and West, lecturing on art and culture in the U. K., Switzerland, Germany, Sweden, Italy, France, China, Japan, Russia, Persia and Iraq where, despite the mischief of misguided slanderers, he received a tremendous ovation.

Soon after winning the *Nobel Prize* in 1913, his fame travelled far and wide, and translations of his works began to appear in various languages of the world, including Arabic (in 1914). By August 7, 1940, 'when the Oxford University held a special convocation at Santiniketan to honour the poet by conferring a D. Litt. on him, his name had passed into the dictionary of world literature as an outstanding man of letters; and when exactly a year after *Death* knocked at his door on August 7, 1941, Tagore placed all the sweet vintage of his summer days and winter nights before the *Guest*. The sun (of genius)

cast his last lingering look upon the earth whose splendour-girt face he had loved with all his heart; and, soon after, he retired from the physical horizon of India into her cultural timelessness.

Such a rich personality was Tagore, the lyric incarnate.

APPENDEX ONE

Select Works of Tagore

A. Poetry :

1. Gitanjali	(Macmillan)
2. Crescent Moon	-do-
3. Fruit Gathering	-do-
4. Lovers' Gift and Crossing	-do-
5. Gardener	-do-
6. Collected Poems and Plays	-do-
7. Chitra	-do-
8. Poems	(Visvabharati)
9. Sheaves	(Hind Kitabis, Bombay)
10. The Herald of Spring	(Wisdom of the East series)
11. A Flight of Swans	-do-
12. Wings of Death	-do-
13. The Golden Boat	(Jaico)
14. Poems of Kabir	(Macmillan)

B. Drama :

1. Sacrifice and other Plays	(Macmillan)
2. Post Office	-do-
3. Red Oleanders	-do-
4. King of the Dark Chamber	-do-
5. Three Plays	(Champak Library)
(a) Mukta Dhara	
(b) Natir Puja	
(c) Chandalika	

C. Stories:

1. Hungry Stones and other Stories	(Macmillan)
2. Mashi and other Stories	-do-

3. Stories from Tagore (Macmillan)
4. More Stories from Tagore -do-
5. The Parrot's Training and other Stories (Visvabharati)

D. **Novels:**

1. Gora (Macmillan)
2. Wreck -do-
3. Home and the World -do-
4. Binodini (Sahitya Akadami)
5. Farewell, My Friend (Jaico)
6. Four Chapters (Visvabharati)
7. Two Sisters -do-

E. **Essays and Addresses:**

1. Sadhana (Macmillan)
2. Reminiscences -do-
3. My Daily Life -do-
4. Lectures and Addresses -do-
5. Personality -do-
6. Nationalism -do-
7. Creative Unity -do-
8. Glimpses of Bengal -do-
9. My Boyhood Days (Visvabharati)
10. Our Universe (Meridian Books, London)
11. A Tagore Testament -do-

APPENDEX Two

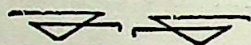
Select Books on Tagore

1. The Philosophy of Tagore by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan (Macmillan)
2. Tagore's Philosophy by Dr. V. S. Narvane (Allahabad)
3. Rabindranath by Sati Ghosh (Sushil Gupta,) Calcutta.
4. Rabindranath Tagore, Poet and Dramatist by J. E. Thomson (London)
5 Rabindranath Tagore, A Biographical Study by Ernest Rhys (London)

Christmas, 1939

Those who struck Him once
in the name of tneir rulers
are born again in this present age.

They gather in their prayer halls in a pious garb,
they call their soldiers, "Kill, kill," they shout;
in their roaring mingles the music of their hymns,

While the Son of Man in His agony prays, "O God,
fling, fling far away this cup filled with
tne bitterest of poisons."

THREE NOVELS OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE

M. L. PANDIT

Rabindranath Tagore, the only Nobel Laureate in Literature that this sub-contivent has produced so far, needs no introduction to Indian readers. His is a versatile genius that overwhelms all who come under the sway of his writings. If his brilliance is more promient as a poet, dramatist, philosopher and educationist, he shines equally well on the Indian scene as an artist, essayist, story-teller and novelist.

During Tagore's boy hood, Bankimchandra Chattopadhyaya was producing powerful Bengali novels suffused with romantic patriotism, in quick succession. *Durgesh Nandini*, publised in 1860, was a sort of fore-runner in the field of Indian fiction. It decided the line that Indian novelists were to take. Bankimchandra followed it up with several historical, social and philosophical novels. The immediate success and popularity of these novels were immense.

And it was in this atmosphere of Hindu nationalism that Rabindranath grew up to youth and manhood. Starting his literary career as a poet, he gained complete mastery over his art with startling rapidity. Even before his thirtieth year he was regularly writing lyrics, plays, eassays, short-stories and novels of great charm. The influence of Bankimchandra may be esaily traced in Tagore's early prose and novels. But this influence is not all-pervading and excessive by pronounced. It is of a restrained nature. Instead of rigidly following the tradition of Bankimchandra, Tagore turned the Bengali novel into new channels. He was more interested in psychological delineation and the spiritual growth of his characters than in mere romantic patriotism. From 1901 to 1907 he wrote most of his novels in between his more celebrated poetical and dramatic works. But only three of these can be considered as worthy of note. These are *Eyesore*, *The Wreck* and *Gora.*

Eyesore, the first of Rabindranath's three great novels, was published in 1902. The title is a literal translation of the original Bengli—" Chokher Bali," which is the playful name by which the two leading women characters of the novel call each other. This novel has been regarded as the first piece of modern fiction not only in Bengali but the whole of modern Indian literature. Tagore's earlier novels more or less conform to the Bankimchandra tradition. But here is something new—a study of the psychology of a young Hindu widow. The plot centres round " the problem of human relationship" in a middle-class Bengali family of Calcutta. The main characters are only half-a-dozen in number. There is Rajlakshmi, a widowed mother, who dotes on her only son, Mahendra. Annapurna, the widowed sister of her dead husband, also lives with her. She is the affectionate 'Kakima' (auntie) of Mahendra and his bosom friend, Bihari, both of whom are studying medicine in a local medical college. Mahendra, the pampered and spoilt boy of his elders, is used to having his own way in all matters. Bihari is just the opposite of his friend. Having

no parents of his own he looks upon Mahendra's mother and aunt as his mother and aunt. He is far more considerate of other people's feelings than his more fortunate friend.

Of the other two characters Asha is the innocent, affectionate, devoted but illiterate wife of Mahendra. Her friend and a distant relation of the family is Binodini, the educated, cultured, and charming young widow, who is the central figure in the novel. She should have been married to Mahendra, but for his obstinate refusal, when the match was suggested to him. Consequently, married to an ailing, middle-aged husdand she becomes a widow soon after her marriage. She is reduced to the state of "a lone garden-creeper in a jungle, a pathetic glory in joyless wilderness." But when Mahendra comes to know her rather intimately, he repents of his folly, and turns to her at the cost of the happiness of his own home. "He was intoxicated by the prospect of a love, at once hidden and articulate, forbidden and forthcoming, poisonous and sweet, a love that was both a surrender and a challenge." Binodini's heart is full of a great sense of resentment against the society whose injustice deprives her of her right to love and happiness. A mocking, defiant fury against the whole world raged within her breast. "Like the enraged black-bee which stings whatever comes in its way, so Binodini mad with rage prepared to wreak her vengeance on the world around her, a world which seemed bent on thwarting her, spiting her." The woman in her clamours for what is denied her. She deliberately encourages Mahendra's infatuation for her. She chooses Mahendra as her victim for a special reason. She thinks that Mahendra by rejecting her in the beginning is partly responsible for her later plight. In this entanglement the persons who suffer most and come out of the fray as idealistic characters are Asha and Bihari. Asha is the last to know what is going on behind her back, and even then she needs the material proof of a letter to confirm her

suspicions. At first suffering silently at her own failings she finally finds consolation in the tranquillizing words of Kakima and her newly acquired regard in the eyes of her mother-in-law. Bihari, I would say, suffers most of all. He loses not only his friend but also the regard of Asha and Kakima. The only thing that keeps him up is the service that he renders Rajlakshmi during the days of her illness, when even her son forsakes her. As the plot unfolds itself, Bihari secures greater admiration from other characters as well as from the reader. He ends up as a wandering saint. Asha and Mahendra are again united to each other, while Binodini realizes her mistake of running after the unattainable and accepts Bihari as her guru.

The striking thing about the characterization of this novel is the way in which characters are presented in pairs. Asha and Binodini, Mahendra and Bihari, Rajlakshmi and Annapurna act as perfect foils to each other. Each by his constant presence throws the other into relief, and thereby brings out the personality of the other as no accident, or dramatic situation could do. This method, which helps in revealing the psychology of the various characters, is something that we do not find in Bankimchandra. There is another aspect of the novel which shows that though Tagore is directing the Bengali novel into new channels, yet he is not completely free from the influence of his predecessor. The characters in the novel are constantly reading and discussing Bankimchandra's novels—*Visha Vriksha*, *Anand Math* and *Kapal Kundla*. The first mentioned has a special bearing on the plot of *Eyesore*, as that also deals with the unhappy life of a young widow. The chaste and figurative language of the novel is a special feature of Rabindranath's prose The poet in him can never be curbed, as is evident from this passage :–

"As the dry, wilted stalks of the cornfield, when after a temporary drought the rains descend, suddenly turn green and shoot up vigoronsly, confidently, almost de-

fiantly as though eager to make up for the long bleak days of fast—so Asha blossomed into womanhood."

On reading such passages, one is at once reminded of the epic similes in Homer and Spenser.

After *Eyesore* comes *The Wreck*, which does not give evidence of any marked improvement in the technique of the writer. For its sheer realism some writers regard the former novel superior to the latter. The initial incident on which the plot of *The Wreck* hinges is rather improbable, if not wholly impossible. But once the reader reconciles himself to the idea of a storm in the Hooglie, which throws one man's bride into the arms of another man, all other events follow in an order which seems quite natural. Another aspect in which *The Wreck* may be considered inferior to *Eyesore* is that it does not deal with a general social problem, but with a highly improbable situation in the life of a youngman. The situation is ultimately resolved in as unconvincing a manner as it had started. The great thing is that it does resolve itself somehow or other. Considering the perplexity of Ramesh, whose life is in the end " wrecked " without any hopes of redemption, one almost comes to think that it will never be set right.

What sustains the interest of the reader through the four hunderd pages of the novel are once again realistically protrayed characters. There are Ramesh, the conscientious young lawyer, and his friends, Jogendra and Akshay. Akshay acts the part of a well-meaning semi-villain, who is up against Ramesh. Jogendra is a flat character, whose only job seems to be to act the part of the heroine's brother. Hemnalini is an educated and well-bred charming young Brahmo girl who sincerely loves Ramesh. She trusts him in spite of an inexplicable change in his behaviour towards her. Kamala is the innocent and unsuspecting young bride who, though more experienced in household affairs, reminds one of

the Asha of *Eyesore*. What Ramesh feels on seeing her for the first time is sufficient evidence of her sweetness. "As a painter enthrones in his heart the perfect picture, and then lavishes all his devotion on it, so Ramesh enshrined this slip of a girl in his fancy as his heart's delight and the bringer of joy and prosperity to his home." Her later tragedy is summed up in these words: "If only she had a little home somewhere! But where?" Her consolation in the days of her grief is Umesh, the orphan child, who looks at her as his mother, and follows her as a slave. The inevitable ideal characters in the novel are three. Trailokya Chakarbartti, better known as "Uncle Chakarbartti" of the whole West-country, comes to Kamala's rescue in her distress. Dr. Nalinaksha is the surprising young man who marries Kamala at the word of a friend, and then loses her for nearly a year. He is a brilliant speaker on problems of social reform, and is capable of carrying the whole audience with him as soon as he mounts the platform. His mother, Kshemankari, guards her Brahmin caste with utmost rigidity. Still she is broad-minded enough to suffer her Brahmo son, and is at one stage prepared to welcome a daughter-in-law of the same sect into her house. The charm of her personality comes out best in her relationship with Kamala, when she does not know her as the wife of her son. Hemnalini's kind-hearted and gentle father, Ananda Babu, could be another ideal character, but for his weakness not to upbraid Jogendra and Akshay openly. His eccentricities arising from the constant attention that he pays to his suspected stomach ailment provide some of the much needed humour in an otherwise serious novel.

Whatever criticism may be levelled against Rabindranoth's other novels, there can be no two opinions about it that *Gora* is a masterpiece. Here is what an English critic thinks of Gora :-

"Between 1901 and 1907 he [Tagore] wrote most of

his novels. The first two, *Eyesore* and *The Wreck* are incredibly bad. A charming style and fine description are not enough in a novel; and the stories are botched. *Gora* came at the end of this period of novel writing. It is a book which has greatly influenced Bengali novelists, and by some it is held to be the best of the Bengali novels."*

It seems that Mr. Thompson is somewhat hasty in his denunciation of the first two novels, but his opinion about *Gora* is perfectly authentic and candid. In this novel it is not the intricacy of the plot and the rapid change-over from climax to anti-climax, as in *The Wreck*, but the clash of characters and their ideologies and the final emergence and triumph of truth that holds the reader spell-bound.

Gora, Binoy, Paresh Babu, Sucharita, Lolita and Anandamoyi are not important for themselves alone, but for the ideals they uphold, the ideas they adhere to, and the truths they want to establish The clash of the high caste and the low-caste, the Brahmin and the Brahmo, is not the central theme of the novel. It is just for convenience's sake, for want of something better. It serves a secondary purpose, that of an accessory to the principle problem, which is of a spiritual as well as a philosophical nature. What is truth? How to realize it? What is the real problem facing British India? How is it possible to raise the Indians above their petty complexes? These are the questions that come to the minds of the main characters again and again. Gora thinks that his faith in the stability of Brahminism is the answer to all these questions. But he is disillusioned when he goes to the villages. He discovers that the strict regulations of his religion fail to unite the Hindus, whereas the Mohammedans were united by their religion. They stood shoulder to shoulder in a way that the Hindus never did. Perhaps it was due to their disregard of any caste-system. It is not

* *Rabindranath Tagore, Poet and Dramatist*, by Edward Thompson; *Oxford University Press*, P. 194.

easy to define what is Paresh Babu's idea of truth. In spite of his daily meditations according to the Brahmo ritual and the peace of mind that he derives from them, he himself does not seem to be quite sure about it. It is only by accident, while discussing with Sucharita the prospects of Binoy's marriage with his daughter Lolita that he hits at the truth :–

> "Sectarianism is a thing which makes people entirely forget the simple and obvious truth that man is man—it creates a kind of whirlpool in which the society-made distinction between Hindu and Brahmo assumes greater importance than universal truth—..."

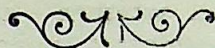
Sucharita, with her unshakable faith in Paresh Babu, is drawn towards Gora. His beaming forehead and the force of conviction with which he speaks make her ponder over ideas which she has upto that time rejected as utterly unreasonable. Lolita believes in the inherent good qualities of Binoy, and tries to wean him from the destructive hold that Gora has over him. Binoy wavers between his adherence to Gora's views and the reverence that he feels for Paresh Babu As he thinks that the sisterly affection of Sucharita and the love of Lolita is the truth, he gradually leaves Gora's circle and joins the group of Paresh Babu's admirers. Anandamoyi is an open-hearted and sincere old lady, who does not believe in the outward show of religion that her husband makes rather late in his life. She has absolute faith in her adopted son, Gora, who is the child of an Irish lady who came to their house one night in the troubled year of 1857, soon after giving birth to the child.

At first, it appears that Gora and Sucharita will never be united. But as soon as the mystery of Gora's birth is revealed to him, and he comes to know that he is not a Hindu, the effect is astonishing. "In a single moment Gora's whole life seemed to him like some extraordinary dream. The foundations upon which, from childhood, all his life had been raised had suddenly

crumbled into dust, and he was unable to understand who he was or where he stood... He felt as though he were like the dewdrop on the lotus leaf which comes into existence for a moment only. He had no mother, no father, no country, no nationality, no lineage, no God even." He at once rushes to Paresh Babu's house with the cry that he has no more ties: "That which day and night I have been longing for but which I could not be, to-day at last I have become. To-day I am really an Indian! In me there is no longer any opposition between Hindu, Mussulman, and Christian. To-day every caste in India is my caste, the food of all is my food! ...Today I have become so pure that I can never be afraid of contamination even in the house of the lowest of castes. Paresh Babu, this morning, with my heart absolutely bare, I have prostrated myself wholly at the knees of my India—after so long I have at length fully experienced what is meant by the mother's lap." What a moving conclusion to a great novel!

The rest of the characters are of minor importance. They have their own problems. Mohim, Gora's, elder step-brother, is keen to see his daughter married to a young-man who would not insist on a dowry. Krishandayal Babu is in search of some hidden short - cut to salvation. Baroda Sundari, Paresh Babu's wife, is on the lookout for eligible young men who would marry her daughters. Harimohini is intent on seeing her plans to marry her neice, Sucharita, to her own brother-in-law come true. Satish is just a child with a child's problems and interests. Of these characters only Haran Chandra draws some special attention from the reader. That also, because he is the villain of the piece and serves as a butt for Gora to sharpen his argumentative faculties.

These are the three great novels of one of the greatest men of letters of the East. Rabindranath Tagore filled the whole of our literary horizon with his personality during his life-time, and continues to do so even after his passing away. In conclusion I may add what one of

his admirers thinks of him! "Judged by any standards whatsoever, Tagore's many-sided achievements must compel recognition, and he is not of Bengal alone, but India's and the world's."*

Gandhi Maharaj

We who follow Gandhi Maharaj's lead
have one thing in common among us;
We never fill our purses with spoils from the poor nor bend our knees to the rich.

When they come bullying to us with raised fist
and menacing stick,
We smile to them, and say, "Your reddening stare may startle babies out of sleep but how frighten those who refuse to fear?

Our speeches are straight and simple, no
diplomatic turns to twist their meaning;
Confounding Penal Code they guide with perfect ease the victims to the border of jail.

And when these crowd the path of the prison gate,
their stains of insult are washed clean,
their age-long shackles drop to the dust,
and on their forehead are stamped Gandhiji's blessings.

*K. R. S. Iyengar.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE—A NON-BENGALI ESTIMATE*

J. L. KAUL

Quite a few hundred thousand words will already have been spoken and written about Tagore during these days of the centenary year; and a very large number of them by non-Bengalis. The other day I happened to read a critical assessment of Tagore's poetry, volume by volume from *Sandhya Sangeet* (1882) all the long way to *Janmadine* (1941), perhaps the last of the 42 volumes of poems published during the poet's lifetime—this by a University post-graduate teacher who knows no Bengali. It is not however given to all of us to perform this miracle of imaginary critical apprehension.

There are indeed formidable handicaps for those of us who cannot read Tagore in the original Bengali. Firstly, Tagore is a poet, chiefly; and to quote Oliver Elton, the essence of poetry is volatile and evaporates in translation. This is particularly so with lyrical poetry and song lyrics, whose appeal lies not as much in their theme, "a familiar matter of today" or "some natural sorrow, loss or pain," as in the music of word, rhythm and tune or, as in the best of Tagore's songs, in the perfect fusion of their meaning, music and rhythm.

For instance :

गगने गरजे मेघ घन बरषा।
कूले एका बसे आछि, नाहि भरसा।

*By one who does not know Bengali.

राशि राशि भारा भारा धान – काटा हल सारा
भरा नदी क्षुरधारा खर-परशा ।
काटिते काटिते धान एल बरषा ॥

(*Sonaar Taree*)

Secondly, translation in prose, however ingeniously done, cannot retain intact the tension of verse. Here is an instance:

जगत्-पारावारेर तीरे
छेलेरा करे मेला ।
अन्तहीन गगनतल
माथार 'परे अचञ्चल,
फेनिल ओइ सुनील जल
नाचिछे सारा बेला ।
उठिछे तटे की कोलाहल—
छेलेरा करे मेला

"On the seashore of endless worlds children meet.
The infinite sky is motionless overhead
and the restless water is boisterous.
On the seashore of endless worlds children meet
with shouts and dances."

Even in this excellent translation something is lost, its dancing rhythm and the imagery of a word here and a word there, while in many poems where the translation is not as happily done, the lines are apt to be flaccid.

Thirdly, the sheer quantity of poetry that Tagore wrote is formidable. He is said to be the author of 150 books, comprising, among other things, a thousand poems and two thousand songs. It seems doubtful if many Bengali scholars and critics themselves have read almost all, if not all, that Tagore wrote. And, these other things that he wrote show his remarkable versatility, comprising as they do, not only his poems and verse plays, but also prose plays, plays and poems

for children, short stories and novels, essays of literary criticism, political tracts, ethical treatises and sermons, autobiography, lectures and letters, and even school books, not to speak of Tagore as a painter or of his significant contribution to Indian music, dance and stage.

This leaves us only the translation of his works to judge him by; but we may not forget that these translations, even when done by him, are not fair to the original. He himself once wrote to Edward Thompson that in translating his own poems he often omitted turns and phrases and even whole passages when they seemed intractable. Let me give a somewhat crude instance of this. In *The Cycle of Spring*, we read :

> Well Poet, what do you want to do now ?
>
> King, I'm going to have a race through those cries which are rising outside your gate. *

What it means in the original is very clear : "I shall hasten to be among those who are crying for food outside the gate".

Besides, it is only a very small quantity of his work that has been translated and, what is more, the little that has been translated is not definitive of the quality of his best. Even in the translation of his poems he leaves out, as I have said, whole lines, as in that fine poem called in the original प्रार्थना (A Prayer)** where a forceful line—

निज हस्ते निर्दय आघात करि पित:

Mercilessly, O Father, I strike, strike with Thine own hand—

is left out.

*P. 345. *Collected Works*, Macmillan.
**"Where the mind is without fear..." *Gitanjali*, No. 35

It is because of these handicaps that we who have read little of Tagore and that too in translation have not been able to assess him rightly. Many of us think of him as a goody-goody poet, the poet of dreamy songs and vague moods, now mystical, now sensuous, albeit musical and tuneful. Hafiz Jullundari's (Urdu) poem in *Soz-u Saaz*, *Teen Muganne*, poetizes this one-sided but common view. It is time we corrected this view; for, Tagore knew the tension and travail of the outer and the inner conflict, of social and subjective life; and in his own personal life knew sorrow and struggle and could not be a happy-go-lucky young man and a merry old soul as we wrongly picture him to ourselves. And, many of us may not know that he loved manly sport and enjoyed wrestling and swimming and hitch-hiked into the Himalayas. Those of us who take the trouble of reading the excellent Sahitya Akademi publications of *Ekottarshati* and *Geetapanchashati* (in Devanagari transliteration) can have some idea of Tagore's vitality, the "massive and masculine quality" of many of his poems, and, in some of them, of fusion of passion and thought. In prose translation we have inevitably an impression of sameness and monotony; but, looking through the Akademi books, one cannot miss the variety of theme and form and his skill as a craftsman of word and verse—the variety of stanza-form, length of line, metrical construction and the pause in the line. In some poems like *Urvasi* and *Sindhu Tarang*, he achieved a majesty of thought and form which we do not associate with a mere writer of songs, and which belie our common notions of his poetry. Surely, we have in them not merely a witchery of Bengal, of soft music and song, of flowers and fragrance, bringing down sleep and self-forgetfulness.* Here we have storms that rage within man and outside in nature, on land and sea, descriptions rarely equalled. For instance :

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* نغمہ خواب آور تھا نیند آنے لگی میں سوگیا......

.....نغمہ ٹیگور تھا یہ سحر بنگالہ تھا یہ۔

हे भैरव, हे रुद्र वैशाख,
धूलाय धूसर रुक्ष उड्डीन पिङ्गल जटाजाल,
तपः क्लिष्ट तप्त तनु, मुखे तुलि विषाण भयाल
कारे दाओ डाक—
हे भैरव, हे रुद्र वैशाख ? (*Baishaakh*)

Or, *Sindhu Tarang*, describing a sea-storm and the wreck of the pilgrim ship bound for Puri, beginning

दोले रे प्रलय दोले अकुल समुद्र-कोले
उत्सब भीषण ...

and leading on to the terrible scene

तरणी धरिया झाँके——राक्षसी झटिका हांके
"दाओ, दाओ, दाओ !"
सिन्धु फेनोच्छल छले कोटि ऊर्ध्वकरे बले
"दाओ, दाओ, दाओ !"
बिलम्ब देखिया-रोषे फेनाये फेनाये फोंषे
नील मृत्यु महाक्रोशे श्वेत हये उठे।
क्षुद्र तरी-गुरुभार सहिते पारे ना आर
लौहबक्ष ओइ तार याय बुझि टुटे।
अध ऊर्ध्व एक हये क्षुद्र ए खेलना लये
खेलिबारे चाय।
दाडाइया कर्णधार तरीर माथाय।

फेटेछे तरणीतल सबेगे उठिछे जल
सिन्धु मेले ग्रास।
नाइ तुमि, भगवान नाइ दया, नाइ प्राण
जडेर विलास।...
प्राणहीन ए मत्तता न जाने परेर व्यथा
न जाने आपन।
एर माझे केनरय व्यथा भरा स्नेहमयम
मानवे मन।

[Destruction swings and rocks on the lap of the Shoreless Sea,
In dreadful festival!......

Gripping the boat the Storm, an Ogress, shakes it, shouting,
"Give! give! give!"
Seething and foaming, the Sea lifts countless hands and cries,
"Give! give! give!"
Foaming and hissing, wroth with check and delay,
The azure Death whitens with mighty anger!
The frail bark can endure its weight no longer,
Its iron ribs burst;
Above and Beneath are one, taking their plaything
They revel and sport.
The helmsman stands at the bows.

(The boat's bottom has burst; the water is gushing in;
The Sea has opened wide its jaws.)
Thou art not, O God! Pity is not! Life is not!
There is only the sport of Nature!...

This brute Madness knows not others' anguish;
It knows not itself.
Why in its midst was the mind of man placed,
So loving, so quick to suffer?...] (*Sea Waves**)

Or, take a stanza from *Urvasi*:

सुरसभातले यवे नृत्य कर पुलके उल्लसि,
हे विलोलहिल्लोल उर्वशी,
छन्दे छन्दे नाचि उठे सिन्धु-माझे तरङ्गेर दल,
शस्यशीर्षें शिहरिया कांपि उठे धरार अञ्चल,
तव स्तनहार हते नभस्तले खसि पड़े तारा—
अकस्मात् पुरुषेर वक्षोमाझे चित्त आत्महारा,
नाचे रक्तधारा।
दिगन्ते मेखला तव टूटे आचम्बिते
अयि असम्वृते॥

[In the assembly of Gods, when thou dancest in ecatasy of joy,
O Swaying Wave, Urvasi!
The companies of billows in mid-ocean swell and dance,
beat on beat;

**Rabindranath Tagore* (Augustan Books) by Edward Thompson, except lines within round brackets.

In the crests of the corn the skirts of Earth tremble:
From thy necklace stars fall off in the sky;
Suddenly in the breast of man the heart forgets itself,
  The blood dances!
Suddenly in the horizon thy zone bursts,
  Ah, wild in abandon![1]

We should do well to know that not only as a social reformer and educationist but also as poet and playwright and short story writer Tagore was an anti-traditionalist rebel in Bengali and Indian literature generally, and that he broke much new ground. We find in his poems love for children which, in such abundance and nobility, is, I am afraid, rare in Indian poetry apart from the devotional and mystical poems written in the tradition of *BaalKrishnaleela* (the play of the Child Krishna). Tagore's love for children is not of the child idealised or idolised, but of the ordinary child, capricious, naughty and even refractory. Sometimes as in येते नाहि दिब (I will not let you go[2]), a capricious remark of his four-year old daughter reveals to him a basic truth of life and nature. Throughout the whole countryside with its autumn fields weighed with ripe corn, the Ganges flowing to the sea in full autumnal flood, and the

"white strips of cloud upon the azure sky,
Like new-born calves sleeping after a feed of mother's milk;"

a mere wisp of grass, the Mother Earth clinging to it; a flame flickering in the dying lamp; and, indeed, throughout heaven and earth's boundless stretch, it is the oldest cry, the deepest wail, that he hears: "I will not let you go."

"And yet all things go and we must let them go!"

ए अनन्त चराचरे स्वर्गमर्त्य छेये
गभीर क्रन्दन, 'येते नाहि दिब।' हाय,
तबु येते दिते हय, तबु चले याय।
चलितेछे एमनि अनादिकाल हते।

[1] Ibid. [2] Tr. by Humayun Kabir (*Poetry*, January 1959)

This is how the lyrical and the descriptive coalesce in his poems and how, life and nature becoming one, the vision of the unity of all creation is revealed. This is so not necessarily in some mystical and philosophical sense but in a way in which intimacy is easily but deeply established between us and life and nature without.

Tagore loved the earth, its sights and sounds and smells. We find in him what is, again, not common in Indian literature, not as much the love of as a keen and detailed observation of bird and beast, tree and flower, river and rural life, rains and the round of seasons, and, indeed, nature in all her varying moods and life out of doors. All this was not there to any significant extent in the Indian literature before Tagore. For an example, we may take the pictures of *Happiness and Noon** :

> Snared with fat weeds, the shrunk, penurious stream
> Is stagnant; sits upon a half-sunk barge
> A kingfisher; two cows besides the marge
> Browse in a fallow field; an empty boat
> Tied to the landing, idly sags at float;
> Moist muzzle tilted to the burning skies,
> And all its soul at rest in its soft eyes,
> Soaks, plunged in peace, a wallowing buffalo ;
> On the deserted *ghat* a sun-drowsed crow
> Bathes, flapping; dances on the margent green
> A wagtail; insects flaunt their various sheen,
> ... ..with strident, honking calls, a goose
> Prunes with wet beak his snowy plumes profuse;
> A hot wind rushes, bearing of burnt grass
> The fragrance—far afield its fierce gusts pass;
> On the still air the yapping quarrels sound
> Of village dogs,...... at whiles arise
> Screechings of mynas, pipal's wearied sighs;
> Shrill keen of kites; or the tormented scream
> Of the wrenched boat at sudden tug i' the stream.
>
> (*Chaitaali*)

We have here the sights, the sounds and the smells, all

*Tr. by Edward Thompson (Augustan Books)

contributing to the making of the picture of a river scene at noon.

Tagore is very much rooted to the earth and the life around him. Even in his quest after the eternal and the one amidst and behind the transient and multitudinous show of life, in the *Gitanjali* period and later, he never loses touch with "the lowliest and lost," with the *majur* (workman) cutting earth and the little *Didi* scouring and scrubbing pots and pans—

नदी तीरे माटि काटे साजाइते पाँजा
पश्चिमि मजुर। ताहादेरि छोटो मेये
घाटे करे आनागोना। कत घषा माजा
घटि बाटि थाला लये। ... (चैतालि)

or, with man and beast living together in the lap of nature :—

"I saw a big buffalo with mud-stained hide standing near the river with placid, patient eyes ; and a youth, knee-deep in water, calling it to its bath .....

"I often wonder where lie hidden the boundaries of recognition between man and beast whose heart knows no spoken language.

"Through what primal paradise in a remote morning of creation ran the simple path by which their hearts visited each other ? ......

"Those marks of their constant tread have not been effaced though their kinship has been long forgotten.

"Yet suddenly in some wordless music the dim memory wakes up and the beast gazes into the man's face with a tender trust, and the man looks down into his eyes with amused affection......"*

In his short stories too Tagore gave a place to "the lowliest and lost," the ordinary people in the humbler walks of life, who accept life and its frustrations, ironies and futilities in a simple, patient way. Till he did so, they were the untouchable of Indian literature and were there, if at all, only incidentally,

**The Gardener*, No.'s 78–79

not in their own right. He does not draw any didactic lessons nor does he moralize The narration is simple and direct, there is hardly any embellishment; and, as in life, so in his stories, there are no neat solutions or conclusions. They are significant slices of ordinary lives. I rate high the merit of his short stories, higher than that of his plays. His plays appear to me in translation technically deficient, with too many scenes in quick succession lacking compactness and coherence of plot. The dialogue is often wordy and there is too much of it. The symbolism is sometimes a little too thin and sometimes it overlays the action. This is not to decry his plays wholesale. That would be unjust, for they have merit of a kind. They break new ground in Indian drama; and some of them, like *Chitrangada*, *Phalguni* (The Cycle of Spring), *Rakta Korabi* (The Red Oleanders) have the lyrical quality of his poems; while some others, like *Malini*, *Raja O Rani* (The King and the Queen), and *Sacrifice* have great dramatic intensity or, like *Dak Ghar* (The Post-Office), pathos of human yearning; and all of them centre round profound themes of man's life and social values.

To come back to the point. Tagore (it is true) is pre-eminently a singer of songs. He himself was convinced that at the Bar of Future, whatever would be the verdict for his poetry, short stories and plays, the Bengalis would have to accept his songs and sing them in the fields and on the banks of rivers and in every home.* It has however been remarked that his songs seem quite often to be playing on the surface of things, that there is not the depth of thought and genuineness of deep-felt experience in them. It may well be so, for he wrote too many of them (over 2000) to be of equal merit. In translation he appears to be carried away by the ease with which words came to him almost unbidden, and sometimes, we have the impression of "zenana imagery" and what J. C. Squire called "word jugglery." There is even a monotony of

*P.13. Introduction to *Geetapanchashatee*.

mood. But, as I have tried to make out, it would be a one-sided and false view of him. For, Tagore knew "the tumult and the depth of soul;" his sentiment is often stern; and his imagery bold and sublime;* and there is cerebration and "sustained power of abstract thought and imagination" in many of his poems, e. g., *Chhabi*, *Shahjahaan*, *Chanchalaa*, *Balaakaa*, *Tapobhang*, and many others; and, what is to me more significant, he brought to Indian literature a new attitude and a new outlook.

This brings me more specifically to those aspects of Tagore's work which have an abiding significance for all Indian literature and for the youth of our country. Firstly, there is in him a full and frank acceptance of life. This was and still continues to be re-invigorating to Indian literature; for, whatever tradition there has been of this (and it certainly has been there from the *Vedic Samhita* onwards), it has been overlaid withthe other and stronger and more prolific tradition of renunciation, asceticism and withdrawal from the illusory and impermanent world of senses. Tagore set his face against this *nirvanic* deliverance. For him deliverance is not in renunciation. He feels the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight:

> वैराग्यसाधने मुक्ति, से आमार नय ॥
> असंख्य बन्धन - माझे महानन्दमय
> लभिब मुक्तिर स्वाद। [मुक्ति]

At numerous places. in poems, plays and stories, this affirmation of the world and life breaks out. Says he,

> "Let whoso will with shut and brooding eyes,
> If earth be real or mere dream surmise!
> Meanwhile let me with thirsty vision drink
> Its beauty ere my sun of life shall sink."**

*CP. *Karan Kunti Sambaad*, *Urvasi*, and *The Oarsmen* (*Fruit Gathering*, LXXX)

** Augustan books (*Rabindranath Tagore*)

Or, Reverend Sir, forgive this pair of sinners. spring winds today are blowing in wild eddies, driving dust and dead leaves away, and with them your lessons are all lost.

Do not say, father, that life is a vanity,

For we have made truce with death for once, and only for a few fragrant hours we two have been made immortal.[1]

इन्द्रियेर द्वारे

or,

रुद्ध करि योगासन, से नहे आमार।

(That I will shut the doors of my senses, is not my yoga)

And, "Let my vows of Sanyasi go. I break my staff and my alms-bowl. This stately ship, this world, which is crossing the sea of time—let it take me up again, let me join once more the pilgrims... *The finite is the true infinite, and love knows its truth...*" (italics mine)[3]

Time and space are not an illusion for Tagore, nor a snare, they are the ground for divine sport; and the body is his bride—she has lighted her lamp in his house.[4] God needs man as much as man needs Him; and the Infinite can truly be seen only in the finite.

आमारे तुमि अशेष करेछे, एमनि लीला तव

(Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure)[5]

or, आपनि प्रभु सृष्टिबाधंन प'रे बाँधा सबार काछे

(Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all for ever.)

or, Day after day you buy smiles from my eyes, and you find your love carven into the image of my life[7]

Sages tell us that Heaven is beyond the limits of birth and death, unswayed by the rhythm of day and night. But the poet knows that its eternal hunger is for time and space, and it strives evermore to be born in the fruitful dust.

Heaven is fulfilled in your sweet body, my child[8]...

In this attitude there is something of special in-

[1] Gardener 44, also 43 [2] मुक्ति, *Gitanjali* 73 [3] Sanyasi in *Sanyasi or the Ascetic* [4] *Fruit-Gathering* 72 [5] *Gitanjali* 1 [6] धुलामन्दिर or *Gitanjali* 11 [7] *Fruit-Gathering* 77, also *Gitanjali* 45, 46 [8] *Lovers' Gift* 49

terest for us in Kashmir where we are, in a sense, the inheritors of the ancient *Agama* tradition as interpreted by the Saiva poet-philosophers of Trika Monism, like Utpala and Abhinavagupta.

Compare Tagore's

एइ वसुधार
मृत्तिकार पात्रखानि भरि बारम्बार
तोमार अमृत ढालि दिब अविरत
नानावर्णगन्धमय।...
ये-किछु आनन्द आछे दृश्ये गन्धे गाने
तोमार आनन्द रबे तार माझखाने॥ [1]

With Utpala's

तत्तदिन्द्रियमुखेन सन्ततं
युष्मदर्चनरसायनासवम्।
सर्वभाव चषकेषु पूरिते—
ष्वापिवन्नपि भवेयमुन्मदः॥*

("Would that imbibing deep at every pore
Of every sense thy love's ambrosial wine
In brimful cups of all that is,
I might for ever feel divinely drunk!")[2]

Abhinavagupta enjoins on us neither to renounce nor to grasp but, firmly seated in the Self, enjoy ourselves.

मा किंचित्त्यज मा गृहाण, विलस, स्वस्थो यथावस्थितः।[4]

It would however be wrong to say that Tagore had the aesthetic philosophy of Abhinavagupta and Rasavaadins, that aesthetic experience consists in "the tasting of one's states of consciousness charged with delight" and that the value of all art lies in unfolding higher levels of consciousness leading on to the Vision Beatific of Reality. Nor does Tagore conceive of beauty only as, or love it because it is, "an attribute of the divine and not for its own sake," as Radhakrishnan holds.[3] Tagore did conceive of the ultimate values as *Satyam*, *Sivam*,

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[1] मुक्ति or, *Gitanjali* 73 [2] Tr by Zinda Kaul [3] *Philosophy of Rabindranath Tagore* * *Sivastotraavali* [4] *Anuttaraashtika*

Sundaram, not as separate entities but only as aspects of the one Reality, and, in prayerful moods he deeply felt that he was "a little flute of a reed in his immortal hands"—

> "I am here to sing thee songs. In this hall of thine
> I have a corner seat."[1]

But God gives himself to man in love, and He must; for, 'O thou lord of all heavens, where would be Thy love if I were not."[2] And, art for him has value because it enriches our experience of life and nature and deepens in us the sense of the unity of all life.

> "The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures.
>
> It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers.
>
> It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and of death, in ebb and in flow.
> I feel my limbs are made glorious by the touch of this world of life. And my pride is from the life-throb of ages dancing in my blood this moment."[3]

Tagore loves the earth. It is his earth from long long ago, and his love for her knows no satiety. Indeed, he wishes her to clasp him firmly in both her arms.

आमार पृथ्वी तुमि

बहु बरषेर।...
...एखनो मिटेनि आशा;
एखनो तोमार स्तन-अमृत-पिपासा
मुखेते रयेछे लागि,...जननी, लहो गो मोरे
सघनबन्धन तव बाहुयुगे धरे—[4]

In *Farewell To Heaven*[5], the soul, about to return to the earth after living ten million years in Heaven,

[1] *Gitanjali* 15 [2] Ibid 65, and 56 [3] Ibid 69, also No.'s 43,62,63.
[4] *Basundharaa* (The World) [5] *Svarga Hoite Bidoy*

does not see farewell go a-sighing. The land of heavenly joy is griefless and heartless and indifferent, and there are no farewell tears here—

.. आजि शेष विच्छेदेर क्षणे
लेशमात्र अश्रुरेखा स्वर्गेर नयने
देखे याब, एइ आशा छिल। शोकहीन
हृदिहीन सुखस्वर्गभूमि, उदासीन
चेये आछे।—

and the soul exclaims: This our land of decay and death is surely not Heaven—but it is our motherland:

मर्तभूमि स्वर्ग नहे,
से ये मातृभूमि—

In a delightful reverie in the poem, *In Old Time*[1], he recalls how, if he had lived in Kalidasa's time, his heart should have been made captive by some charming woman—

कोनो नामटि मन्दालिका,
कोनो नामटि चित्रलेखा,
मञ्जुलिका मञ्जरिणी झंकारित कत।—

whose names, Mandaalikaa, Chitralekhaa, Manjulikaa, Manjarinee, make a sweet symphony. But what use recalling the past that is dead? Even the Mahakavi Kalidasa lives only in name while we are alive today and there is no dearth of beautiful women whom poor Kalidasa could not even think of:

महाकविर कल्पनाते छिल ना तार छवि।

Tagore recognizes the transitoriness of things (*carpe diem*) but sorrows not. On the contrary, he sings of the *kshanik*, the transient and the momentary[2]:

क्षणिकेर गान गारे आजि प्राण, क्षणिक दिनेर आलोके
यारा आसे याय, हासे आर चाय,
पश्चाते यारा फिरे ना ताकाय,

[1] *Sekaal*. [2] *Udbodhan*

नेचे छुटे धाय, कथा ना शुधाय, फटे आर टुटे पलके-
ताहादेरि गान गा रे आजि प्राण, क्षणिक दिनेर आलोक ।

He recognizes the existence of sorrow and death, ugliness and evil.

> "The early evening star disappears.
> The glow of a funeral pyre slowly dies by the silent river.
> Jackals cry in chorus from the courtyard of the deserted house in the light of the worn-out moon......
> Who is there to whisper the secrets of life if I, shutting my doors, should try to free myself from mortal bonds ?"[1]

This for him is the function of art, not to hide the ugliness of life but to see it in proper perspective. He himself knew domestic bereavement. His wife died very early, his daughter and youngest son followed soon, and many an hour did he spend "in the strife of the good and the evil",[2] "The poet's religion," says he, "acknowledges the facts of evil, it openly admits the weariness, the fever and the fret in the world where men sit and hear each other groan." Morally, he attacked and fought all that was unjust and wrong and evil. But from the aesthetic point of view, his conviction was that "our aesthetic sensibility attempts to bring the whole of reality within its joyful embrace. The more completely we view the great panorama of the universe, the more we realize that good and evil, pleasure and pain, life and death, in their ceaseless ebb and flow, constitute the symphony of the universe. When we contemplate the symphony as a whole no note sounds false, nothing is ugly."[3] Thus it is that sorrow and death in his poems[4] leave us calm and composed though a little chastened. This, no doubt, is not the temper or attitude of the post-thirties' modern literature. Tagore knew this, and protested that "this exultant disillusionment proclaiming that the images enshrined on our altars of worship, even if beautiful,

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[1] Gardener II [2] *Gitanjali* 89, also 52,
[3] *Sahitya* (*Visva-Bharati 1958*). Also *Gitanjali* 53,58 and 23,40
[4] *Gitanjali* 24,86,90—100,103.

are made of mud—this defiant distrust and denigration of reality too is only a subjective reaction and a passing perversion of the spirit. This too cannot claim to be based on a detached and profoundly objective standpoint towards reality any more than the romantic sentimentalism of the early 19th century."[1]

Parenthetically, it my be said here that while Tagore's novels have become dated already, dealing as they are with social problems, his essays and addresses give us a refreshingly new interpretation of the truths of our ancient culture and some very acute and original literary criticism which have value even today.

Secondly, another aspect of his work and personality which has abiding significance is that Tagore is not a revivalist. When we come to think of it, this is very remarkable, indeed, and shows integrity and courage of a rare kind. At a time when we were struggling for political freedom and both Hindus and Muslims were, as a support to our national pride, indiscriminately glorifying our past and developing a revivalist chauvinism with hateful consequences which still dog us, Tagore remained singularly free from it. Tagore's patriotism is made of sterner stuff and he can mock and satirize and lash at lifeless convention and dead traditions[2]; and he exhorted us to fall in step with time and forge ahead, for otherwise we shall fall behind and go under.

मानवेर साथे योग दिते हबे—
ता यदि ना पार चेये देखो तवे,
ओइ आछे रसातल, भाइ
आगे चल्, आगे चल्, भाइ ॥

Moreover, his patriotism is all-inclusive. He invites all to the Motherland's crowning—

[1] *Sahityer Pathe* (*Visva-Bharati* 1958)
[2] CP. *Dui Paakhi* (The Two Birds—one in the cage, the other free in the forest), *Dharma Prachaar*, etc.

एसो हे आर्य, एसो अनार्य, हिन्दु मुसलमान—
एसो एसो आज तुमि इङराज, एसो एसो खृस्टान।
एसो ब्राह्मण, शुचि करि मन धरो हात सबाकार—
एसो हे पतित, करो अपनीत सब अपमानभार—
मार अभिषेके एसो एसो त्वरा,

Come ye Aryan, come non-Aryan, Hindu, Muslim, come,
Come ye English come ye Christians, welcome everyone,
Come Brahmin, cleanse your mind and clasp the hand of all,
Come ye outcaste, come ye lowly, fling away the load of shame!

Come, one and all, to the Mother's crowning.[1]

In several poems, like *Apamaanita* and *Dhulaamandir*,[2] he stresses the duty we owe to the lowliest and the backward in society—the obligation which, in spite of the "*sarvabhootahiteratah*" tradition, we in India have been loth to discharge. "Only if the thought of good," says he, "is ever wakeful in us, can society find in itself the power and readiness to overcome those habits which gradually decay into dead matter and hinder progress by cluttering the path with rubbish."[3] In a fine poem[4] he says:

I know thee as my God and stand apart .....I know thee as my father and bow before thy feet ...
Thou art the Brother amongst my brothers, but I heed them not; I divide not my earnings with them, thus sharing my all with thee.

In pleasure and pain, I stand not by the side of men, and thus stand by thee......

Not only this. When invited by Gandhiji to join the Non-co-operation Movement, Tagore had the rare courage to say to him,

"Gandhiji, the whole world is suffering from a cult of selfish and short-sighted nationalism. India has always offered hospitality to all nations and creeds. I have come to believe that we in India still have much to learn from the West and its science, and we still, through education, have to learn to collaborate among ourselves."

[1] *Bharat Tirtha* (*Tr. Indian Literature, Vol* 1, *No.* 2)
[2] *Gitanjali* 11 [3] *Atma-Parichaya* (*Tr. Quest, May* 1961)
[4] *Gitanjali* 77 *Also see* 10, 11, 63

Surely, this has urgent relevance even at the present day.

Thirdly, this nationalism of his was closely connected with, and indeed grounded in, his internationalism and large-hearted humanism. He was certainly a *Visvamaanava*, a universal man, such as we have to be now in sheer self-preservation. Nor did he merely sing of the federation of the world but through his practical enterprises of Sriniketan and Santiniketan,[1] he worked hard for the realization of unity in human society, regardless of caste, creed, country and race. This universalism is not, as some protest, facile and flaccid since (they say) it does not find a solution for the conflict inherent in society which needs must resolve itself in bloody class and national wars. It is grounded in the unshaken conviction that, firstly, *maanavasatya*, the human truth, is the real truth rather than the absolute truth which even the best of us, like Arjuna, cannot see unless by a miracle; secondly, that love is the inevitable corollary of the unity of life; and, thirdly, that the test of love is action and sacrifice. His joy and love of life were not unrelated to the world in which he lived, it was not the joy of the mere singer and dreamer of dreams. On the contrary, he symbolized in himself both Nandini as well as Ranjan, both joy of life as well as joy of labour.[2] This faith in the unity of life and love of man would not however lead him to the easy belief in the efficacy of coercive uniformity through regimentation. He accepted the diversity of life. "In the poet's religion," says he, "we find no doctrine or injunction, but rather the attitude of our being towards a truth which is ever revealed in its own endless creation. In dogmatic religion all questions are definitely answered, all doubts are finally laid to rest. But the poet's religion never undertakes to lead anybody anywhere to any solid conclusion; yet it reveals endless spheres of light because it has no walls round itself." Some would say

[1] यत्र विश्वं भवति एक नीडम् (where the whole world finds one nest)
[2] *Rakta Korabi* (Red Oleanders)

that Tagore's poetic credo lacks substance and it is not solid enough, that his poems give an impression of "vague sweetness and twilight melodies"[1], and (as George Cloyne said) "convey nothing". He has been accused, as by E. M. Forster, of not being "a seer or a thinker". To be a "thinker" and to gain solidity and certitude, they would have a poet build round himself a wall, a solid framework of doctrine or injunction of theological dogma or philosophical or other belief. But Tagore could not be lured to any such "solid conclusion" or static goal.

> I am ever busy building this wall around; and as this wall goes up into the sky day by day, I lose sight of my true being in its dark shadow.[2]

And "O my eternal friend, for all the time, you are building me up anew!"

Tagore had the "sweet blessings of beauty[3]," what he had seen had been "unsurpassable;"[4] and, as he had said in an early poem[5], he poured forth the joy of these sweet blessings in abundant song and music.

आमि ढालिब करुणाधारा,
आमि भाङिब पाषाणकारा,
आमि जगत् साविया बेडाब गाहिया
आकुल पागल-पारा।

"And I—I will pour of compassion a river;
The prison of stones I will break, will deliver;
I will flood the earth and, with rapture mad,
Pour music glad.[6]

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[1] *Gitanjali* 20, 54, 94 [2] *Ibid* 29
[3] ए जीवने सुन्दरेर पेयेछि मधुर आशीर्वाद
[4] *Gitanjali* 16, 96, [5] *Nirjharer Shvapnabhanga* (The Awakening of the Waterfall) in *Prabhaat Sangeet*, 1883,
[6] Tr. Edward Thompson.

PLANT GROWTH

D. P. ZUTSHI AND B. A. KHAN

"We learn and learn but never know all about the smallest, humblest thing", said Saint Bonaventure. The same could be said for plant growth, a process familiar yet baffling to mankind. It is the "'end product'" of biological metabolism and draws freely from all the physical sciences for its sustenance. Its domain streches from such obvious phenomena as gross increase in dimension to more obscure ones of morphogenesis, correlation, polarity and developmental physiology. It has been simply and accurately defined as an "irreversible increase in volume."

It holds the centre of interest for a variety of applied subjects. The fundmental studies of different aspects of plant growth find their application not only amongst farmers, horticulturists and foresters, but also among biochemists, pathologists, workers on carcinogens, cytologists, and a host of others.

The ability to grow by ingesting substances other than protoplasmic ones is perhaps the only barrier that stands between the living and the non-living. Growth is of the greatest importance to man not only from the self-evident quantitative angle but from the qualitative angle as well. Factors leading to the differentiation of flowers as well as to the understanding of uncontrolled growth known as cancers, are some of the burning problems of the day.

The earliest recorded observation on plant growth was made at a time when matter was thought to be constituted of four elements: earth, water, fire and air.

During the fifteenth century Cardinal Cusa concluded that, "the plants...... ...have their weight rather from water. Therefore, waters thickened in the earth have taken on the properties of earth and by the work of the sun, they have been condensed into the plants." This is very nearly true even today, when most of the increase in weight due to growth proves to be that of absorbed water.

One hundred and fifty yeas later, Van Helmont came to the same conclusion after a carefully recorded experiment lasting for four years. The next advance was made by Hales in 1727 when he maintained that plants are nourished in part by the atmosphere. In 1873 Prantl observed for the first time the phenomenon which subsequently came to be known as "periodicity" of expanding leaves. In 1891 MacMillan described the pulsation in the growth rate of the potato which occurs even in complete darkness. This was termed rhythm, as against periodicity which is due to alteration of some external factor like diurnal rhythm. The study of such rhythms has been revived by Bunning[2] recently and is considered as an important aspect of plant growth. Such rhythms are termed "endogenous" and are defined as fluctuations in biological process which occur periodically even though external conditions remain constant. As in pendular movement, a starting impulse like transition from darkness to light or from low to high temperature is necessary in order to evoke rhythm. These impulses also determine the position of maxima and minima in time. The time for one period depends upon temperature or some other external factor, usually the rhythm lasts for only two to three periods unless the impulse is renewed

[1] Gabriel, M. L. and Fogel, S. 1955 *Great Experiments in Biology.* Prentice-Hall, Inc. Englewood Cliff.

[2] Bunning, E. 1956 *Endogenous Rhythms in Plants, Ann. Rev. Plant. Physiol.* 7: 71–78

In higher plants nutational movement of shoots is due to the migration of the line of maximal growth, around the stem. The full circle takes about a few hours in the case of the Coleoptile of *Triticum*. Some workers observed nutational movements, reaching amplitudes of 5·8 mm, the length of one period being approximately three hours. The Q_{10} for the speed of rotation in *Cuscuta odorata* for temperatures between 10C°—25C° is about 2.

It may be summarized that in plants endogenous rhythms of periods of quite different durations are widely distributed. Some of them do not show any similarity whatsoever to the external rhythms, others do show an evident similarity in that the lengths of their periods correspond to some external (annual, diurnal, tidal) rhythms.

The next aspect to come into prominence was that of phototropism which is a phenomenon brought about by unequal growth due to a unilateral photic stimulus. It was first postulated by Charles Darwin that the stimulus is, in fact, "transmitted" from the zone of perception to the zone of reaction. This observation is, therefore, regarded as anticipatory to discovery of hormones in the twentieth century.

Plant growth is a complex of two of different types of changes, quantitative and qualitative. Early workers concentrated on the former and provided data based on increase of volume or weight. Recent work has, however, focussed attention on the importance of qualitative aspect, *viz.*, initiation of new cells, their differentiation into mature tissue, correlations and changes from leaf to floral initials, etc. From the economic point of veiw, it is the latter which are more important, because on them are based investigations on flowering, fruiting and other hormonal effects.

From the anatomic point of view, plant growth has three phases, the embryonic, the elongative and the

differentiative, which follow each other in a sequence. Physiologically it can be divided into two parts, first "temporary" elongation produced by the depression in the wall pressure and the consequent inflow of water and secondly the "fixing" of this enlargement into permanent growth by the ingestion of newly synthesized solid matter. Due to the alternation of one phase with another, the graph of growth against time is not linear but consists of a series of waves. If growth is considered over a period of a week it follows a type of graph well known to physical chemists as that of a Monomolecular Autocatalytic Reaction. Robertson[3] in 1923 was first to equate the two and suggest that the growth process by itself produces its own catalysts which stimulate growth till it achieves a certain threshold value and then inhibits it, thereby producing the inflection of the curve.

Thompson[4] in 1952 reviewed this aspect in great detail along with some other mathematical formulae from which it appears that the growth proccess is too complicated a phenomenon to be interpreted completely by any one formula.

Majority of investigations on growth deal with the measurement of root elongation; such operations are most frequently made because of their ease and speed. They have proved to be of great use in listing the physiological activity of growth substances.

Growth investigations lasting for short periods measure the temporary aspect of growth in that the major part of it is due to water. It would become permanent

[3] Robertson, T. B. 1923 *The Chemical Basis of Growth and Senescence.* J. B. Lippincutt & Co., Philadelphia

[4] Thompson, D.W. 1952 *On Growth and Form,* Cambridge University Press, London; Second Edition

by incorporation of dry matter only at a later stage. Moreover, the temporary growth by absorption of water is necessarily reversible, whereas, by definition, growth is irreversible. Short period growth investigations are, however, more convenient for the determination of optima for various factors and for evaluation of the temperature co-efficient. If these investigations are coupled with long period ones, they would serve to separate the two aspects of growth, viz., cell enlargement and cell multiplication obtained with different additives.

Recently there has been an attempt to separate the twin aspects of growth *i. e.*, cell enlargement and multiplication. The former is said to be due to " Auxins" and the latter due to "Kinins." Steward and Shantz[6] in 1959 have pointed out the fallacy of this terminology. It is their opinion that physiologists have so far been pre-occupied with " Auxinis " alone and particularly with Indolacetic Acid, a compound which merely acts on cell enlargement. Hence, now there is a trend towards the study of natural growth substances.

[6] Steward, F.C. and Shantz, E. M. 1959 *The Chemical Regulation of Growth. Ann. Rev. Plant. Physiol.* 10 : 379—401

THEISM IN INDIAN PHILOSOPHY

B. N. PANDIT

We in India have ever been enjoying freedom in thinking. Even in the ancient times, when religion was a great force among all the nations of the world and when our ancestors also were extremley religious-minded, there existed sufficient variety in the way of thinking of our people. There were believers in God, and there were athiests also. Theistic conceptions about God also were of different types and people were always free to argue and to propagate and were ever prepared to listen and to discuss. They were ever willing to be convinced and were never afraid of any type of antagonists. Consequently, all the views and faiths were tolerated in this country. This freedom of thought gave rise to different theories about God.

There were atheists who are known as *carvakas* and who denied the very existence of God and did not believe in religion. Then there were early Buddhists and Jains who believed in religion, praised good actions, hated and condemned sinful activities, had firm faith in the theory of transmigration of soul and accepted the law of *Karman*. But they did not accept the existence of any God enforcing the law of action and its reward. No one of these sects did ever believe in the authority of the *Vedas*. Then we come to the *Vedic* philosophy of *Purva-mimansa*. The adherents of this philosophy practised *Vedic* religion, worshiped *Vedic* gods and offered oblations to them in the sacred fire, but even they did not believe in the existence of any supreme God either as the sole presiding deity over the creation, the preservation and the dissolution of the universe, or as The Master enforcing the law of *Karman*. It is only the later

Mimansakas who, under the influence of other schools of Indian philosophy, accept the existence of God as the over-lord of all the *Vedic* gods.

It seems that the earlier *Sankhya* philosophy of Kapila, which has left some traces in the *Upanisads*, was sufficiently theistic[1] in nature, but the later development of this school proceeded more or less on partially atheistic lines. The *Sankhyas*, like the Buddhists and the Jaïns, can be classed as semi-atheists, because, all these three sects believe in the law of action and its reward but do not accept any authority that makes and enforces that law. The *Yoga* philosophy also does not go much beyond in theism. It accepts the existence of an *Iswara*[2] (God) as an ever pure and ever liberated soul who is the preceptor of all the ancient preceptors. This philosophy does not confer on Him any authority to create, to preserve or to dissolve the universe; and, thus, it does not accept any kind of Godhead in him.

The *Vedantic* school of Gaudapada and Sankara admits that the *Iswara* (God) is all powerful, omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent, that He at His will creates and dissolves this universe[3] consisting of numerous subjects and objects and that He is the Lord of the whole existence making and enforcing its laws of action and its reward. But, at the same time, the *Vedanta* philosophy teaches that this universe does never exist in reality; it only appears just like a dream or jugglery.[4] The absolute *Brahman* above is a reality. It is that *Brahman* which appears as *Iswara* (God), as *Jiva* (soul), and as the phenomenal universe because of some beginningless ignorance come down to us from our previous lives. Neither God, nor soul, nor the universe does exist as something real. They only appear because of *Avidya* (ignorance) which is never explicable. So God and His Godhead enjoy only a visionary existence like that of a mirage and do never exist in reality according to the metaphysics of the *Vedanta* philosophy. Everything other than

the *Brahman* is nothing more than a son of a eunuch[5] and the *Brahman* alone is some thing real. It does not possess anything like a quality or a particular at all, but is selfevident as the only existing thing. Thus the *Vedanta* philosophy also is not strictly a theistic one. It comes nearer to the Nihilistic views of Nagarjuna, the great Buddhist philosopher.

The really theistic schools of Indian philosophy are those of (a) *Nyaya-Vaisesikas*, (b) *Vaisnavas*, and (c) *Saivas*. The *Nyaya–Vaisesika* philosophies teach that God is a Super Being possessed of the knowledge of everything and the powers to do everything. He is different from souls, who are numerous and also form the elements like atoms, time, space, etc. Souls are involved in cycles of transmigration because of their past actions ultimately caused by their false knowledge—which has no beginning. God feels pity for suffering souls and creates this universe out of atoms for them. Souls can get the rewards of their actions in this creation and can achieve real knowledge also. That saves them from further transmigration. God, according to these two schools, is the Lord of the universe but is dependent, firstly, on atoms which He has to collect and use in creation and, secondly, on the past actions of souls in the light of which he has to create worlds, bodies, senses and organs for souls. He has to be ever busy in creating, preserving and dissoloving this existence and thus is not sufficiently free and independent.

The *Vaisnavas* have gone a step further in theism in maintaining that God is absolutely self-dependent; worlds and souls are mere manifestation of this energy and He, by his innate nature, creates, preserves and dissolves this phenomenal existence without depending on anything other than himself. The *Vaisnavas* are divided into four sects. Some of them say that there is a partial unity and partial diversity between God, on the one hand, and souls and worlds, on the other

hand. Others believe in complete diversity and the third sect believes that unity and diversity are manifested one after another in the cycles of dissolution and creation and that therefore both are correct. The fourth sect, namely, the *Sudhadvaita* sect of *Vallabha* believe in the absolute unity of everything. The *Sudhadvaitins* do not believe in the existance of *Maya* or *Avidya* as the cause of the appearance of the phenomenal existence. They say that the Lord, through his own innate energy, makes these phenomena appear in His own self. He is not dependent on anything other than His energy. It is His nature that He appears in the form of a limited soul, transmigrates, is involved in ignorance, achieves real knowledge and attains, as it were, His own Godhead through it[6]. There the principles of the *Vaisnavas* are highly theistic, but they take God in the form of Lord *Narayana* or Lord *Krisna*[7] and take His energy in the form of *Laksmi* or *Radhika*. They do not preach the existence of God without a form. They believe in the existence of some particular abode of God which is made of pure substances. It is named as *Vaikuntha* and comes to be a sort of a superior heaven. This view of the *Vaisnavas* brings their teachings closer to mythology than to philosophy. So, in spite of being strictly theistic, the outlook of the *Vaisnavas* is more mythological than philosophic, while the *Vedantic* outlook is strictly philosophic though less theistic. The *Vadanta*, therefore, is more popular with scholars and thinkers than the *Vaisnava* theories.

The *Saivistic* theory is, on the one hand, absolutely philosophic and, on the other hand, strictly theistic. The *Saivas* believe that the real self alone is metaphysically true. There is no limitation of any kind in that self. Time and space do not limit it. The self alone has real existence and every thing else has only an imaginary existence. The self is ever self-evident and self-conscious. Its consciousness is a sort of a stir in its existence. Everything exists in the self in the form

of self, just as all the parts of a tree exist in a seed in the form of seed. A seed is seed and seed alone. There is no trace of either the appearance or the name of a tree in a seed and yet the name and the appearance of a tree do exist in a seed. In the same way the self is self alone and there is not any trace of the phenomenal universe in it. It is an unlimited 'I' and 'I' alone; yet the whole objective phenomena exist absorbed in that 'I'[8] in such a way that its objectivity does not appear at all. It is on account of the subtle stir of the consciousness of the self that the objective existence starts appearing in its objective nature. This is the activity of creation of the self. Then this existence keeps on appearing for pretty long ages. This is his activity of preservation. After a long time this objective creation gets again obsorbed into the self and this is the activity of absorption of the self. The self appearing as a limited soul conceals his real nature which is free from all limitation, and this is his activity of obscuration. At times a soul recognizes his forgotten nature of limitlessness and this is his activity of revelation. The self is always keeping himself busy in these five activities with respect to different worlds and souls. This he does by virtue of his nature and, doing so, he always exists in this universal aspect. But, while doing so, he does not deviate even a bit from his transcendental aspect which is one complete whole 'I' and that alone. The self is the *Parama Siva* or the Absolute God[9]. His transcendental aspect is His *Sivahood* and His universal aspect is His *Saktihood*. The five activities of creation, preservation, absorption, abscuration and revelation are known as this fivefold Godhead. He manages the sport of His Godhead by means of His innate stir of consciousness which is not in any respect different from Him. So He is absolutely self-dependent. The whole universe is only an aspect of His absolute Godhead. Everything is in Him and He is in everything. Everything is He and He is everything.[10] He is in everything and He is beyond everything. This

is His nature and this is His Godhead. Had he not been possessed of his nature of indulging in the five activities of Godhead, He alone would have existed or He also may have or may not have existed at all, for who would have questioned or established His existence[11]. But He exists, and exists as Absolute God and consequently is ever indulging luxuriously in the five activities of His Godhead by His own nature. The inexplicable ignorance, atoms, *Karmas*, etc., appear in this drama of Godhead at different stages, but the root cause of all these sources of the universe is the Supreme Godhead of the *Parama Siva* according to the *Saiva* Philosophy In this way *Saivism* is the only school of Indian philosophy which accepts and explains theism in its highest form and yet is strictly monistic in view and philosophic in character. *Saivism* is as theistic as *Vaisnavism*, as philosophic as Nihilistic Buddhism, as monistic as the *Vedanta*, as realistic as the *Sankhya*, as practical as the *Mimansa* and as logical as the *Nyaya-Vaisesika*. But it is a pity that such a well developed school of Indian philosophy is very little known even in India, much less in any other country of the world.

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[1] See *Swetaswatara*—I-8; I-9; IV-5; V-2; VI-13; VI-16.

[2] क्लेश कर्म विपाकाशयेर परामृष्टः पुरुषविशेष ईश्वरः। (*Yoga Sutra* 1-25)
स पूर्वेषामपि गुरुः कालेनानवच्छेदात् । (,, ,, 1-26)

[3] *a*) कल्पयत्यात्मनात्मानमात्मा देवः स्वमायया।
स एव बुद्धयते भेदानिति वेदान्तनिश्चयः ॥ (*Gaudpadu Ka·ika* II-12)

b) लोकवत्तु लीला कैवल्यम् । (*Brahma Suttram* II-1-33)

c) See also *Sankara Bhasyam* on *Brahma Sutram*— I-1- 5; I-3-30; I-4-3; II-1-37.

[4] *a*) धर्माय इति जायन्ते जायन्ते ते न तत्त्वतः।
जन्म मायोपमं तेषां सा च माया न विद्यते ॥ (*G. K.* IV 58)

b) तस्मान्न जायते चित्तं चित्तदृश्यं न जायते।
तस्य पश्यन्ति ये जातिं खे वै पश्यन्ति ते पदम् ॥ (*G. K.* IV-28)

c) न काश्चिज्जायते जीवः सम्भवोऽस्य न विद्यते।
तत्रैतत् परमं सत्यं यत्र कश्किञ्चन्न जायते ॥ (*G. K.* III-48)

d) See *Sankara Bhasyam* on *Brahma Sutra* II-1-14;

5 a) प्रपञ्चो यदि विद्येत् निवर्वेत न संशयः।
माया मात्रमिदं द्वैतमद्वैतं परमार्थतः॥ (*G. K.* I-18)

b) सद्भावेन ह्यजं सर्वमुच्छेदस्तेन नास्तिवै। (अजं ब्रह्मवैति) (*J. K.* IV-57)

c) See also *Brahma Sutram Sanskara Bhasyam* II-1-14.

6 a) उत्पत्तिस्थितिसंहारा नियतिर्ज्ञानमावृतिः।
बन्धमोक्षौ च पुरुषाद् यस्मात् स हरिरेकराट्॥ (*Sarvadarsan Sangraha*)

b) वासुदेवः परं ब्रह्म कल्याणगुणसम्भवः।
भुवनानामुपादानं कर्ता जीवनियामकः॥

7 परब्रह्मपरवासुदेवादिच्यो नारायणः। (*Yatindra-natidipika*)

8 a) चिदात्मैव हि देवोऽन्तःस्थितमिच्छावशाद् बहिः।
योगीव निरुपादानर्थजातं प्रकाशयेत् (*Iswara Pratyabhijna* I-5-7)

b) न चेदन्तःकृतोनन्तविश्वरूपो महेश्वरः।
स्यादेकश्चिद्वपुर्ज्ञान स्मृत्यपोहन शक्तिमान। Ibid (1-3-7)

9 कर्तरि ज्ञातरि स्वात्मन्यादिसिद्धे मवेश्वरे।
अजडात्मा निषेधं वा सिद्धिं वा विदधीतकः॥ („ „ I-1-2)

10 निराशंसात् पूर्णादहमिति पुराभावसति यद्
द्विशाखामाशस्ते तदनु च विभंक्तु निजकलाम्।
स्वरूपादुन्मेष प्रसरणनिमेषस्थितिजुषस्
तदद्वैतं वन्दे परमशिवशक्त्यात्म निखिलम्॥ (*Iswara Pratyabhijna Vimarsini* I-1-1)

11 अस्थास्यदेकरूपेण वपुषा चेन्महेश्वरः।
महेश्वरत्वं संवित्त्वं तदत्यदयद् घटादिवत्॥ (*Tantraloka* III-101)

Book Reviews

A Silence of Desire : By Kamla Markandaya (Patnum, London, 1960).

This is the third novel by the gifted South Indian writer, Kamla Markandaya. Her earlier novels were *Nectar in a Sieve* and *Some Inner Fury*, both of which earned fair appreciation from many eminent students and critics of English fiction today.

The title of the book is derived from the following lines of H. W. Longfellow, quoted by the author :

> "Three Silences there are ; the first of speech,
> The second of desire, the third of though."

It is a story of the India of post-independence era. The central character. Dandekar, is a clerk in a Government office in a small town somewhere in South India. He is not well off, but he has apparently achieved considerable happiness in his domestic life with his devoted wife, Sarojini, and their three children. They live in a modest rented accommodation and manage their household with the help of a part-time maid-servant. Dandekar draws a very meagre salary, but his efficient wife makes it go far. Dandekar prefers to walk daily to and back from his office, and thus saves a few rupees every month which he might, otherwise, have spent on bus fares. With this ingenious saving he manages to purchase some small presents for his wife and children towards the close of every month ; they are happy, and Dandekar is envied by other clerks, married and unmarried, in his office, because he is apparently so well-looked after

But, alas, this idyllic state of affairs was not to last for ever! A time comes when Dandekar discovers that his wife is going out on some strange mysterious visits and that she lies to him, in order to hide the real object of her scret errands. Suspicion and jealousy take roots in the heart of the husband, and he resorts to shadowing the movements of his wife. A tension grows in his mind; and, in order to find an escape from his misery, he takes to drink and things still worse. He falls into debt and loses the respect of his colleagues and the good opinion of his officers. Sarojini acquires an unexpected type of moroseness and indifference, and the children are neglected. It appears that the domestic peace and comfort of Dandekar and his family are now at the point of complete disintegration.

After a period of long-drawn mental torture and uncertainly, during which Dandekar never directly confronts his wife with his suspicions, the former at long last discovers that the mysterious visits of his wife are made to a Swami, a Saint who, she hopes, may cure her of some malignant female malady through his spiritual powers. This revelation, however, does not resolve the situation. While Dandekar is anxious that his wife should undergo an operation, as advised by doctors, Sarojini's faith in the miraculous powers of the Swami cannot be shaken easily. On the advice of some of his friends in the office, Dandekar seeks the intercession of his boss, Chari, to see if he could get the Swami out of the town. Even this effort leads to no result, because Chari cannot make up his mind as to whether the Swami is a genuine holy man or a mere fraud. Ultimately, the domestic tangle in Dandekar's life is resolved by the Swami's voluntary departure from the scene and the consequent submission of Sarojini to the ordeal of a surgical operation, which saves her life and apparently restores the harmony in the life of the family.

Apart from Dandekar and Sarojini, the only other characters that make an impression are the Swami—

who is a silent but pervasive personality—and Chari, the head of the office, who is an efficient and understanding type of official. Rajam, Sarojini's female cousin, and the fellow clerks of Dandekar are just minor characters who, nevertheless, serve the purpose of a chorus to the central drama of Dandekar's domestic affairs. The introduction of Ghosh, the deputy of Chari, helps to throw some light on the provincial and linguistic barriers that tend to divide Indian from Indian today. The Dwarf in charge of the Swami's establishment, to some extent, provides some little comic relief so badly needed in the persistent serious setting of this novel.

Besides the interests of the story and the characters, the novel also presents to us the various inner mental conflicts that are a common feature of the lives of the average middle classes in India today—the conflicts between true religion and superstition, between tradition and science, between the Eastern and the Western ways of life. The story is rather thin and the characters are, on the whole, just shadowy figures. Both in conception and creation this book appears rather inferior to Kamla Markandaya's first novel, ***Nectar in a Sieve***. But one of the chief merits of the book lies in its lucid and chaste language. To quote the reviewer in *The Times Literary Supplement*, London: "Miss Markandaya writes with a fresh and precise understanding of our language which lends her everyday events a beauty and significance not easily forgotten."

Kashmir Research Biannual, Vol. I, No. 1: (Researchand Publications Department, Jammu and Kashmir Government, Srinagar, September, 1960).

In a place where publications of this kind are still rather a rare phenomenon the birth of a new research journal is most welcome. *The Kashmir Research Biannual* is to be devoted especially to the study of

"Kashmirology" as part of the wider subject of Indology. About one third of the space of the journal is intended for the publication of yet unpublished texts of the original manuscripts and the rest two-thirds to the publication of research articles on literature and linguistics, historiography and sociology, religion and philosophy, and art and culture relating to Kashmir. A varied fare and all to the good. In Professor P. N. Pushp the journal has an efficient, painstaking and competent editor. We wish him and the journal good luck and godspeed.

The highlights of this number of the first volume of the journal are two articles on the Saivite Philosophy of Kashmir. Dr. R. K. Kaw in his first of a series of articles on " Aspects of Kashmir Saivism " discusses and analyses the nature of mind or *antahkarna* in relation to soul or *Atman* as depicted in the *Pratyabhijna*. *Antahkarna* or mind (its nearest equivalant term in Western Psychology) as distinct from *Atman* or soul is, according to major schools of Indian Philosophy, divisible into four categories, namely, *manas* (or thought), *buddhi* (or intelligence), *cit* (or knowledge), and *ahankara* (or ego). Buddhism is the only school of Indian thought that draws no distinction between mind and *Atman*. *Pratyabhijna*, on the other hand, is " peculier in that, on the one hand, it agrees with other Indian schools in taking three of its categories, *manas* (undetermined thought), *ahankara* (ego or self-arrogation) and *buddhi* (determined thought) together as *antahkarna* or mind at the empirical level apart from *Atman*; and, on the other, it draws no distinction between mind and soul in the absolute sense, while affirming the function of mind as activities of *Atman* in its *vimarsha* (conscious) aspect." All the psychological experiences such as "perception, remembrance, differentiation, recognition, ascertainment and so on depending upon *antahkarna*", it is concluded, " are beheld in the system as the direct activities of *Atman*."

Professor B. N. Pandit touches a deeper and a more vital problem, though a related one, in his discussion of the concept of Realism propounded by the Saivistic thinkers of Kashmir. According ro them, " the self has an absolute existence. No living being requires the help of any element in feeling his existence. He has not to depend even on his senses, mind and intellect for this purpose because, when all these aids of knowledge vanish in a stage of dreamlike sleep, the self sees itself as a witness to that stage." This consciousness of the self is a sort of a subtle stir, a delicate vibration called *spanda*—an urge which manifests itself in the *will to know* and the *will to do*, or *Siva* and *Sakti*, as its transcendental and universal aspects, respectively. The *Siva* and *Sakti* are only two aspects of *Parama Siva*, the real self, the universal 'I' which transcends even the conceptions of transcendentality and universality. The phenomenon of the *self*, thus, has a two-fold existence. "It always exists in *Parama Siva* in the form of pure *Samvit* (consciousness) and that is its subjective existence. It exists in the form of phenomenal universe, and that is its objective existence." At no stage does the *self* not exist; only its *reality* may be *absolute* or *imaginary*. The Vedantist theory of non-existence of the phenomenon is not convincing and so are not similar theories put forward by the Hinayana and Mahayana schools of Buddhism. The Vaishnava philosophers, though in broad agreement with the Saivistic view, are unable to establish it by corresponding sound arguments.

Dr. Krishna Mohan's paper on the Damaras is apparantly well documented and the role of the latter in the history of Kashmir has been duly accounted for. The name Damaras started first as a tribal name but came, later on, to be used as a class name. It is significant that in the *Rajtarangini* the term *Damara* is supplanted by *Dombas*. The present day *Doms* of Kashmir might well be the descendents of these very

Dombas. And since there is evidence for the Sudra origin of the *Doms*, this might throw more light on the social origins and organization of the Damaras. In this connection it would be useful to study literature pertaining to the peoples of the Cis-Himalayan region. The present-day *Doms*—a group of low castes of Sudra origin and naturally lower in status than Brahmins and Rajputs—are stated to be definitely the descendents of Damaras in those areas. Stein's observation that "the word *Damar* in the sense in which it is used in the *Rajtarangini* and the later chronicles has not been traced outside Kashmir" could indeed bear some further investigation.

The short bibliographical sketches of Mir Ilahi and Jagat Ram Chhunia are readable. Mir Ilahi was a Kashmiri poet who wrote in Persian and lived In the time of Jahangir and Shah Jahan. Jagat Ram Chhunia was a painter of the Pahari School who died in 1923 at the age of seventyfive. D. E. Prashant in his article on "Duggar" has made an attempt to trace the origin of the word. In the present issue there are also three review articles : *Kashmir under the Sultans* by Mohibul Hassan, *Buddhism in Kashmir and Ladakh* by J. N. Ganhar and P. N. Parihar, and *The Way of the Swan* by Nila Cram Cook. The reproductions of four old paintings from Bhadarwah are good A useful bibliography on *Kashmirology*, besides an editorial note on the *Requisites of Kashmirology* by the editor, are welcome additions. The note on Transliteration of the Kashmiri alphabet in Roman and Devanagari scripts could only be of academic intesest now. The texts of *Gurunatha Paramarsha* of Madhuraja and *Kalam-e-Sadiq* of Shah Sadiq lend particular value to the present number.

This is altogether a commendable effort. One may suuggest, however, that as a matter of policy it would be better to have fewer articles with fuller treatment than to have very many, with some sketchily treated. The printing is fairly good bnt the get-up needs improvement.

ABOUT OURSELVES

Tagore Centenary Celebrations :

The centenary of the birth of Rabindranath Tagore was celebrated all over the State, as in other parts of the country. Among the affiliated colleges the Government College for Women, Srinagar, took a leading part in the celebrations by staging a number of Tagore's plays in English and in Kashmiri. A poetical symposium was held at the S. P. College, Srinagar, on June. 3, 1961. Mr. S. L. Pandit of the University Post-graduate Department of English gave a talk on "Tagore—his Fame and Personality" at A. S. College, Srinagar, on June 10, 1961. Several other colleges also held special functions in this connection and brought out special issues of their magazines.

The Vice-Chancellor :

Mr. Bashir Ahmed Syeed having finally declined to take up the post of the Vice-Chancellor, the University was fortunately able to secure the sevices of Mr. K. M. Panikkar for this very important and responsible post. Mr. K. M. Panikkar has played for many years past a very prominent role on the Indian scene as administrator, diplomat, writer, scholar, historian, and parliamentarian. The University is, indeed, very lucky to obtain a man of his eminence and calibre as Vice-Chancellor. We can quite confidently look forward to all-round progress in all our activities during his term of office. Mr. Panikkar assumed charge of his duties on May 22, 1961.

Departure of Dr. (Mrs) Marion A, Taylor:

Through the kindness of the United States Educational Foundation in India, Dr. Marion A. Taylor was permitted to come here again for a short term in April, 1961, to continue her instruction of the M. A. (English) Final Class in American Literature. Mrs. Taylor left Srinagar on April 30, 1961, for New Delhi on her way back to the U. S. A. We wish her the best of luck wherever she may be!

New Appointments:

The following new apponitment was made since the last issue of our journal was published:—

Dr. S. M. Qadri Zore joined the Post-graduate Department of Urdu as Professor and Head of the Department. Dr. Zore, who retired as Principal, Government Chanderghat College, Hyderabad, is a scholar and administrator of repute, and we hope his appointment will put a new life into the Department of Urdu.

Elections to the Senate:

The following have so far been elected as members to the University Senate at the latest triennial elections:-

a) Deans of Faculties:—

1. Shri S. L. Pandit (Arts)
2. Shri Agha Ashraf Ali (Education.)
3. Dr. G. V. S. Murthi (Medicine)
4. Shri G. P. Singh (Commerce)
5. Shri G. N. Mattoo (Oriential Learning)

b) University Teachers' Constituency:–

6. Dr. M. S. Want, Post-graduate Department of English.
7. Mr. M. R. Puri, Post-graduate Department of Mathematics.

c) Registered Graduates' Constituency :—

8. Pirzada Ghulam Ahmed	Chief Secretary, Jammu & Kashmir Government.
9. Prof. M. M. Fazili	S. P. College, Srinagar.
10. Mr. Noor-ud-Din	Deputy Director of Education, Kashmir.
11. Mr. H. L. Bargotra	Administrator, Municipal Committee, Srinagar.
12. S. Mohindar Singh	Deputy Director of Education (Central).

d) Degree Colleges' Contituencies :—

13. Prof. J. N. Dhar	A. S. College, Srinagar.
14. Prof. Mohammad Yusuf	A. S. College, Srinagar.
15. Prof. (Mrs.) Sakina Hassan	Govt. College, for Women Srinagar.
16. Prof. G. N. Raina	T. T. College, Srinagar.
17. Prof. M. L. Kohli	Govt. Science College, Jammu.
18. Dr. S. M. Iqbal	Govt. Science College, Jammu.

e) Other than Degree Colleges' Constituency :

19. Mr. Saif-ud-Din	Principal. Govt. College, Anantnag.
20. Shri S. L. Seru	Principal, Rupa Devi Sharda Peeth, Srinagar.

f) Headmistresses' Constituency :—

21. Miss Khurshid Jalal-ud-Din	Headmistress, Girls High School, Srinagar.
22. Shrimati Ram Pyari Sharma	Headmistress, Govt. Girls High School, Jammu.

The new Senate is scheduled to meet on July 15, 1961.

Obituary : We record with great sorrow the sudden and unexpected demise of Maharajadhiraj His Highness Sir Hari Singh on April 26, 1961, in Bombay. It will be recalled that the late Maharaja was not only the former princely ruler of the State of Jammu and Kashmir and father of Shri Yuvraj Karansinghji, the present Chancellor of the University, but also the first Chancellor of the University.

The staff and students of the University Post-graduate Departments at Srinagar held a meeting on April 27, 1961, at the premises of the University Arts Faculty and passed a condolence resolution mourning the loss of the late Maharaja.

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